The Real Sins of Hollywood

By **Theodore Dreiser**

WEEK
ENDING
UNE 11, 1932

Liberty

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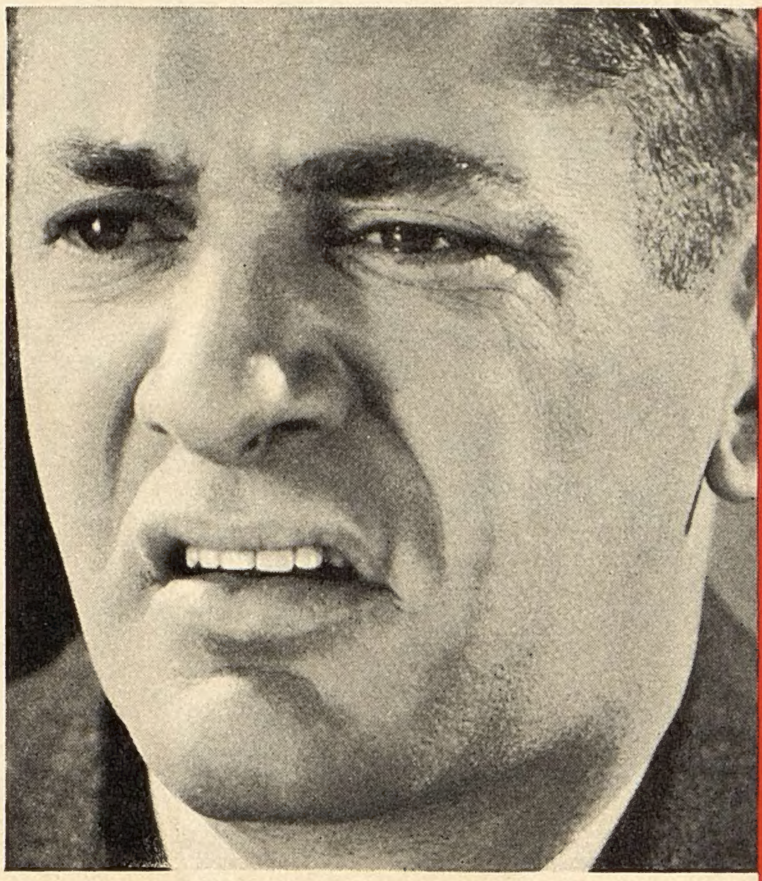
America's Best Read Weekly

Leslie Thrasher

Don't take chances with your mouth



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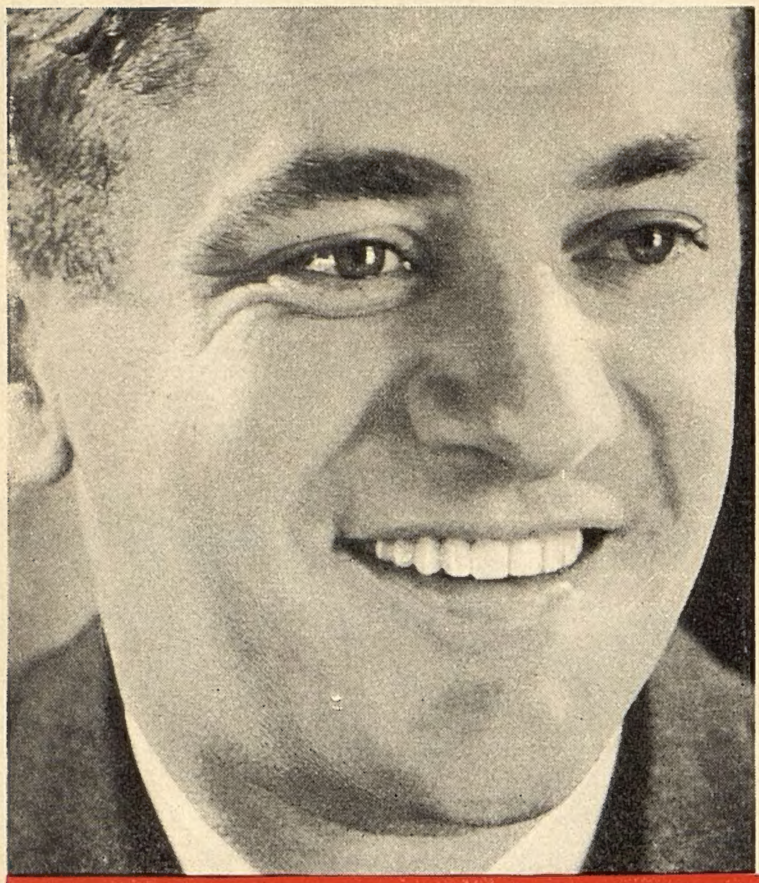

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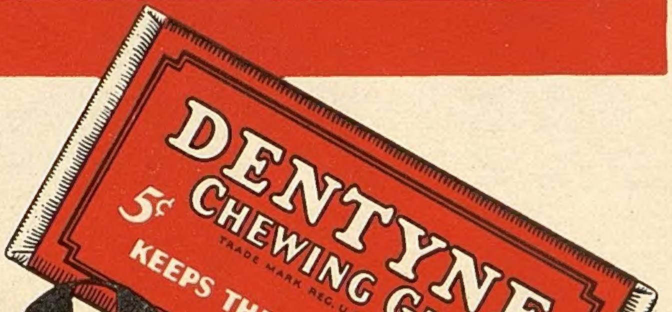

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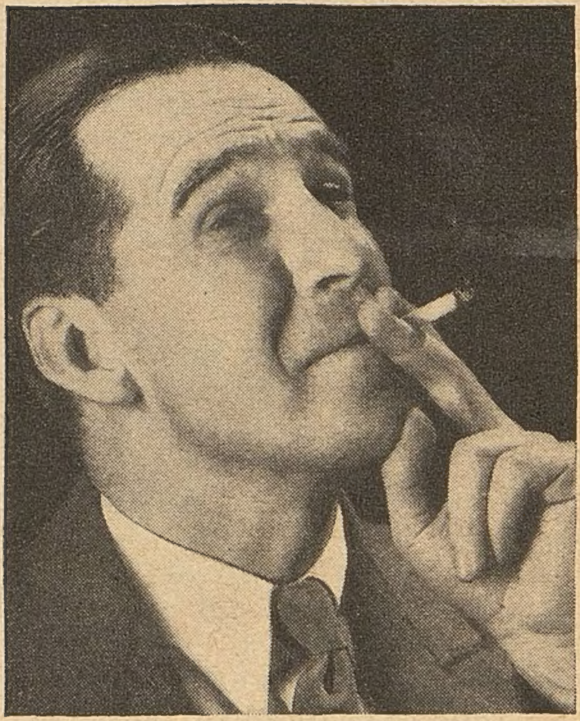

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JUNE 11, 1932

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

AN EMERGENCY MORE SERIOUS THAN WAR

Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court in a recent opinion made the statement:

"The people of the United States are now confronted with an emergency more serious than war. Misery is widespread in a time not of scarcity but of overabundance. The long-continued depression has brought unprecedented unemployment, a catastrophic fall in commodity prices, and a volume of economic losses which threatens our financial institutions.

"Some people believe that the existing conditions threaten even the stability of the capitalistic system."

Yes, we are facing a situation more serious than war. During war a nation is bound together, working as a unit for the accomplishment of a definite object. But now we are in the midst of a chaotic situation. The nation is rent asunder by contending spirits; the calm content of a satisfied people has entirely disappeared.

As a nation we are confused, befuddled; we do not know which way to turn or what to do. Our leaders are struggling to find a remedy for our social ills, but there is a general lack of harmony in the remedies that they propose.

Some of our most able statesmen, realizing the seriousness of the situation, even go so far as to talk of revolution. Such utterances would have been branded as wildly socialistic or communistic a short time ago, but people cannot refrain from expressing their viewpoint for an indefinite period.

Now, what really is the matter with this country at this time?

The most outstanding difficulty that we are now facing is the lack of employment.

The next is probably the general lawlessness that prevails, especially in our big cities, due largely to the enormous profits that have been handed over to bootleggers by the Prohibition Law.

Then there is graft and favoritism creeping into every avenue of our business, professional, and social life.

There are many other evils that are helping to destroy our peace of mind; but if jobs could be furnished to those who need them, and the unparalleled lawlessness that is now spreading its tentacles over the country could be properly remedied, and if something could be done to stem the menacing tide of greed and grafters in every walk of life, all our other troubles would soon fade away.

But the one grave problem which we are now facing that must be remedied is to give work to those who now are demanding food. We have pointed out on many occasions the proper remedy, and its value is slowly seeping into the minds of our legislators at Washington.

This back-to-the-land movement that we have been advocating is the one tried and tested means of enabling the hungry man to earn his way, to feed himself and his family. We cannot allow people to starve in the midst of plenty. We are rich. We have too much of everything.

A prominent labor leader recently stated:

"If we do not find some means of giving our men work by which they are enabled to earn their food, they will find other means of getting it."

It is such an attitude that we must face when people become hungry and desperate. The need of food is a lash that makes people reckless, and if some of the many millions that have been wastefully spent in feeding people could be devoted to placing them on the land, with proper equipment, where they could feed themselves, the fear of revolution with which many of our citizens are confronted at the present time would soon be a dream of the past.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

NEW FATHERS...

may we have a few words with you in private?

SOONER or later, you know, that baby of yours will "go on a bottle." You *may* have a chance to vote on what's going into that bottle. So we'd like to talk to you about Eagle Brand babies.

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And here's scientific evidence

Naturally, you want *scientific* proof, too. Well—here it is: Recently, two physicians in a world-famous clinic, fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand over a period of several months—checking every detail. Bone structure was studied with the X-ray. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Blood tests were made . . . And those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves splendidly nourished.

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Please send me new edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing feeding schedules, pictures and histories of Eagle Brand babies.

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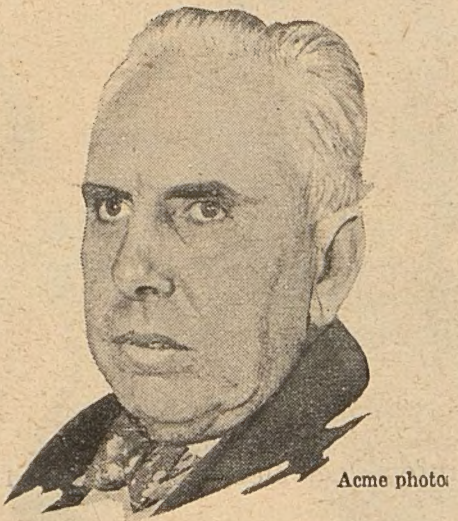
The REAL SINS of

An Arraignment of America's Powerful Motion-Picture Industry

By THEODORE DREISER


Acme photo

The author, Mr. Dreiser, the filming of whose monumental novel, An American Tragedy, gave him the inside experience of Hollywood that has moved him to write this article.

(Reading time: 25 minutes 35 seconds.)

I BELIEVE that motion pictures offer great possibilities as a medium of art. The pictorial effects on the screen are real, while those on the stage, especially outdoor scenery, are artificial. The camera can interpret as well as create by moving rapidly to any idea or any place in the world. In that respect a movie is more like a novel than is the limited legitimate drama.

Yet does Hollywood make anything at all of art in motion pictures? Is Hollywood's attitude sympathetic and creative or base and destructive? Nearly a year ago, when I was in California, I talked with the executives of Paramount, Universal, Warner Brothers, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I found them all to be business men; none was in any sense imaginative, creative, or colorful. Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, Mr. Thalberg, and others are not artists but business executives. Of course, there would be less cause for complaint on this score if these business men allowed the writers, directors, and players whom they employ and control to exercise freely their artistic perceptions and capabilities. But that is something they certainly do not allow. I talked seriously on this problem with these gentlemen and many others, and here is the gist of our conversations.

These movie representatives admitted that they would prefer, for example, to buy the title only of, let us say, Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude, their reason being that the play itself was far above the head of the average individual with whom the moving-picture theaters have to deal. But with the title in their possession as property, their writers could make a movie script of parts which at least would bear some resemblance to Mr. O'Neill's story. They then said this was necessary because really all that the great American public knew about this drama was that Eugene O'Neill had had a big success in New York City called Strange Interlude. Sock one for America!

Movie officials went on to point out the truth that this work was a deep psychological study, and that the greater part of the movie audiences would not understand it even though it were portrayed on the screen with all possible fidelity to the original. They brought out the point that whenever artistic films were released to theaters in small towns in Kansas, North Dakota, etc., the managers of these wired back that their audiences didn't want these films, and they would have to close their theaters unless they received more popular films.

I, too, can understand that motion pictures are a business and their existence depends on their financial return. It is, however, a deeper problem.

But in this matter of bringing the motion-picture standards down to the intelligence, moral views, etc., of the masses, I was surprised to find that this was held to be a necessity not only by motion-picture magnates but by the law. For when I tried, in the Supreme Court in New York, last July, to restrain Paramount from showing the movie of my book, An American Tragedy, on the ground that by not creating the inevitability of circumstance influencing Clyde, a not evil-hearted boy, they had reduced the psychology of my book so as to make it a cheap murder story, I lost the case. But when I read the court's decision, a light broke upon me. For, said the learned court:

"The producer *must* [italics are mine] give consideration to the fact that the great majority of the people composing the audience before which the picture will be presented, will be more interested that justice prevail over wrongdoing than that the inevitability of Clyde's end clearly appear."

Such being the case, that spells the end of art, does it not?

Despite this sweeping judicial opinion as to the intellectual level of the movies, the basis of my attack is that the picture corporations, with their monopoly, owe a certain percentage of their enormous profits to the artistic development of the film. For, assuming the correctness of their interpretation of the mass mind, should not a genuine effort be made now and then to portray a masterpiece of literature, or present a gifted actor or actress in some such fashion as to widen the appeal of masterpiece or artist, or both? I think yes. By so doing the general standard might be raised rather than left where it is, or lowered. But this, as I insist, the movies do not do—and it is their great sin.

IT might be well to comment here on the strange and even unprecedented fate that has befallen this art form. Always heretofore art has meant individuality; the artist was of necessity an individual. But today it has become an industry, along with coal, iron, and steel, and in Wall Street journals and elsewhere it is called that. More, according to figures of not so long ago, the motion-picture industry rated among the largest in America. So for the first time, as you see, an art, so called, is discussed as representing an investment. This investment totals about $2,500,000,000. The figures go on to show that about 10,000,000 tickets are sold daily to Americans desirous of imbibing this "art form." The average weekly attendance is, or was until recently, over 100,000,000.

More, the frenzy over this "art form," considering that there are only 125,000,000 persons in the United States, is terrific. Of course the American people are given ample opportunity to patronize this art medium; there are some 15,000 to 20,000 movie theaters throughout the country. In fact, the movie industry, with its enormous salaries to this and that star, its publicity,

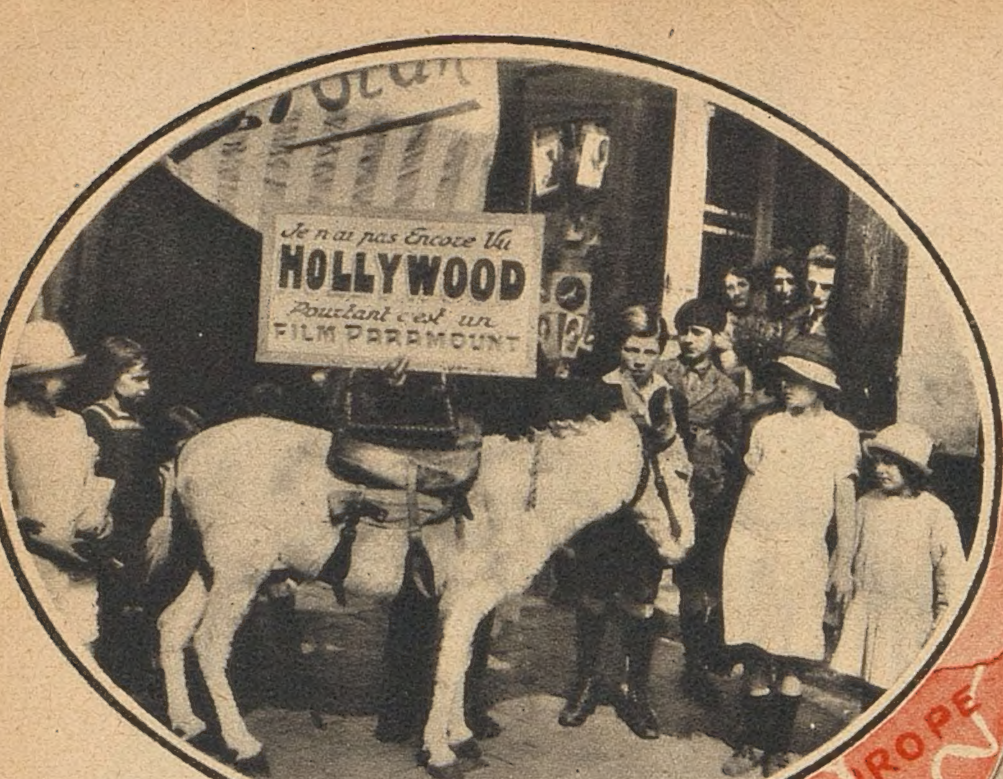
HOLLYWOOD

A SCENE from the film version of An American Tragedy: Phillips Holmes as Clyde Griffiths, Irving Pichel (right) as Orville Mason, the district attorney.

investment, etc., is holding its own as against even the steel industry, which pays its famous or infamous bonuses of millions to its executives. Can many Wall Street magnates in these days boast a salary greater than Constance Bennett's? All in all, movie salaries amount (or did until recently) to possibly $500,000,000 every year.

And in this connection it is also necessary to explain that one of the real artistic ills of the American movie companies, and hence their product, is that they are completely united. That is, they not only can but, as is common in all such situations, do exercise a despotic power as to how anything is to be done, also why, where, by whom. In other words, there has been established by a more or less purely commercial and so business-minded group a material tyranny over a new and even beautiful form.

and Distributors of America has existed. Its membership now includes Paramount Publix (formerly Famous Players-Lasky), First National, Fox, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Distributing Corporation, Warner Brothers, Educational Film Exchanges, and eighteen other leading companies. These include all of the great producing firms, all important national distributors of films, and all of the largest movie theaters throughout the country, owned or leased for a long period by these companies. Thus they can exercise great power over any independent producer, distributor, or theater owner, as well as any artist, writer, dramatist, actor, or what have you, who must do business with them.



AN ad for the American movie industry in France. "I haven't seen Hollywood yet," says the sign; "but still, this is a Paramount Film."

THE REAL SINS OF HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page seven

More, this unification of power or control has been extended all over the world by our American producing companies, who now own most of the important movie houses in foreign countries and so distribute their films there. And with this go their practical as well as artistic or inartistic standards, whatever the same may be. Yet whether these be good, bad, or indifferent, they now dominate moving pictures the world over. Thus, only two or three years ago, Latin America became the largest importer of American film. Yet the American pictures shown in Europe make more money for the American companies.

Of course, the American moving-picture market is now the largest in the world, being relatively equal to the European. The American movie giant bestrides the world; it not only possesses the vast American market but also about 60 per cent of the entire foreign market!

More, our American companies sell most to England, Australia, Canada, and France, then Argentina, Brazil, and, farther down the list, Germany. Only a few years ago the great difficulty over languages arose because of the talkies, but that is being surmounted. Already in France, for instance, Paramount has leased a large studio near Paris. This studio, completed in April, 1931, made, during eight months, over 160 pictures in fourteen languages. I feel compelled to add that this studio of Paramount's is there and again referred to as a "plant." That isn't like the younger generation calling a spade a spade, but rather like a shining, tinny ghost over beauty.

But, this industry or octopus being what it is, what does it do with its far-reaching equipment, its possibilities? For, of course, these powerful extensions, all functioning from a common center, hold within their grip the culture and education of the world.

What are the marks of beauty attained by it?

How far do moving pictures go in any effort toward art or its perfection?

To begin with, it is important to note that the motion-picture companies have the world's treasures of literature at their disposal, also many of the most talented actors and actresses from the legitimate stage; also finances with which to accomplish their purposes. But what do they do?

I have read recently forty-five reviews or criticisms of forty-five motion pictures produced since 1925, all based upon famous novels, plays, etc., and all reviewed by men

this industry or art. According to those reviews, twenty movies were unlike the original masterpiece or did not convey the idea of it, while seventeen movies were judged as adequately representing the novels or plays upon which they were based.

It is not so much a belittling as a debauching process, which works harm to the mind of the entire world. For the debauching of any good piece of literature is—well, what? Criminal? Ignorant? Or both? I leave it to the reader.

EUROPE
RUSSIA

Constance Bennett (at right). "Can many Wall Street magnates now boast a greater salary than hers?" asks Theodore Dreiser.

ARABIA
INDIA

Garbo and Gable in Susan Lenox, filmed from David Graham Phillips' novel—of which Dreiser says Hollywood made "a very bad movie, a twisted, trashy thing."

Of the above twenty movies tampered with, three definitely changed the story in important phases. For instance, in the 1931 Universal production of Frankenstein, based on Mary Shelley's book, since the movies cannot see a nice hero harmed, the monster which Frankenstein, the scientist, creates merely batted him around, whereas in the novel the monster finally kills the scientist. And in Notre Dame, the priest, the archvillain in the story, became, of course, the priest's brother.

THERE are innumerable instances of popular novels and plays purchased by the movie companies and then so altered as to be decidedly unrepresentative of the original. In the play Coquette, the "ruined" heroine killed herself, hoping to save her father. In the movie version, the girl is not "ruined"; her father only thought she was, and, realizing his mistake, kills himself. The Easiest Way was screened with a different ending from the play, and Cardboard Lover was changed completely in content. Ramona lost the greater part of its dramatic value on the screen, since they eliminated about one-third of the story. The Bridge of San Luis Rey as transferred to the screen became, according to the critics, "a muddled and unconvincing story"; and Redemption, the 1930 rendition of Tolstoy's The Living Corpse, was "dull, halting, and artificial."

In two of these twenty films I have referred to above, the main variance was improper characterization. In the movie version of Du Barry, for instance, done in 1930 by Norma Talmadge, the lines were criticized by even the movie critics as being so "verbose and poorly written" that they did not in the least approximate the true characterization. And in Ernst Lubitsch's version of Oscar Wilde's Lady Windermere's Fan, done in 1925, the characters, according to the New York Times review, "didn't in any way resemble Wilde's." Yet it would seem would understand that a drama with certain happenings and moods is dependent not only upon the particular personality of each character, and the particular manner in which those personalities affect each other, but the most careful recreation of the various situations in which they find themselves.

Yet in six of the twenty movies above referred to as not truly portraying their originals, the main fault was failure to catch the spirit of the author, his real meaning or mood! So it was with Quo Vadis, The Taming of the Shrew, Mothers Cry, and Quality Street. The cinema Taming of the Shrew, according to its cinema critics, was betrayed by typical Hollywood slapstick. In it, for example, Douglas Fairbanks was Douglas Fairbanks and none other most of the time; he forgot that Shakespeare wrote this play around a character, Petruchio, and not around himself as an athletic and grimacing motion-picture star.

Again, in the Camille of Norma Talmadge, done in 1927, the classic of the younger Dumas was deliberately changed in tone. In fact, Mordaunt Hall of the New York Times observed that this Camille was "but a faint reflection of the classic, and those who expect something of the real character of Marguerite Gautier as she was impersonated by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, and others, will be keenly disappointed." He added that "this is not due to Miss Talmadge's acting, for she is lovely and sincere in her performance, but rather to Fred Niblo's direction and the others who revamped the scenario."

Not only are masterpieces of literature thus ruined by poor movie adaptations of the stories, but motion-picture actresses, many of them quite talented, are forced to repeat themselves in a series of rapid-fire, mediocre movie stories, all commonplace or bad, until finally the public, sick of the stories, though not necessarily of the star, becomes sick of the star, whereupon Hollywood throws her out and substitutes a new face which it values commercially, no matter how blank that new face may be.

Thus, after Evelyn Brent, under contract to Paramount, did a splendid piece of work as Natacha in The Last Command, with Jannings, and in Beau Sabreur, she was afterward cast in a veritable cyclone of bunk, in order, I presume, to make money. And indeed, the names of her pictures are a revelation of what is here asserted: such elevating productions, for instance, as His Tiger Lady, The Mating Call, Darkened Rooms, Fast Company.

PACIFIC OCEAN

Valentino in The Sheik, the famous picture which he "hated," Dreiser says, deeming it unworthy of him.

The novel's Frankenstein dies, but the screen's (Colin Clive) gets well. Films "can't see a nice hero harmed," says Dreiser.

So, too, with Esther Ralston, whose career with Paramount began with Peter Pan, Beggar on Horseback, and The Goose Hangs High. Then, after her reputation had been established, she was run through such cheap, albeit money-making, trash as The Trouble with Wives, Fashions for Women, Love and Learn, etc. Personally, I cannot understand the petty, degrading forces that would move people to create such complete travesties upon art. More, I still believe that the movies can be artistic and at the same time successful.

POLA NEGRI is an outstanding example of the sacrifice of a star to commercialism. Lillian Gish is another. But to further emphasize this sacrifice of really valuable artists, one may take Rudolph Valentino, the one movie actor who waged a real fight against the great companies' conduct in this respect. He maintained publicly and at law that he was being deliberately debased in order to make money for Paramount. Valentino, catapulted to fame and appreciation in The Four Horsemen, one of the few very good photoplays, was immediately thereafter, and because of the nature of his contract with Famous Players-Lasky, cast in The Sheik and The Young Rajah.

Enraged at such casting, in September, 1922, he served notice on Famous Players-Lasky that he was dissatisfied with the management and direction of his films and asked to be released from his contract. In his own words, he "hated" The Sheik, and added that his interest in pictures was artistic, not commercial, and that his pictures to date had not lived up to his artistic ambitions. Famous Players-Lasky immediately thereafter obtained a temporary court order, and later a permanent one, prohibiting Valentino from contracting with any other movie producer during the term of his contract with them, and when this was appealed to a higher court, he lost.

Later, in July, 1923, Valentino contracted to make pictures for another movie corporation entitled Ritz-Carlton, this contract to go into effect after his Famous Players contract had expired. According to his agreement with that concern, he was to have full artistic freedom. Thereafter, for reasons unknown to me, but within six months, Valentino was back with Famous Players. Probably he realized that the smaller company, with nowhere near the resources of Famous Players-Lasky—no control, say, of thousands of moving-picture houses—would be throttled and defeated by the all-powerful Famous Players group. And although upon his return he was granted some slight artistic privileges (not many, as we all know), his success thereafter was small, and his death in 1926 makes useless

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CAPTURING the Japanese movie-going public. "First-run Paramount Pictures," says this sign on a theater in Japan.

FIRST RUN PARAMOUNT PICTURES IN KANSAI
DAIICHI ASAHIKAN

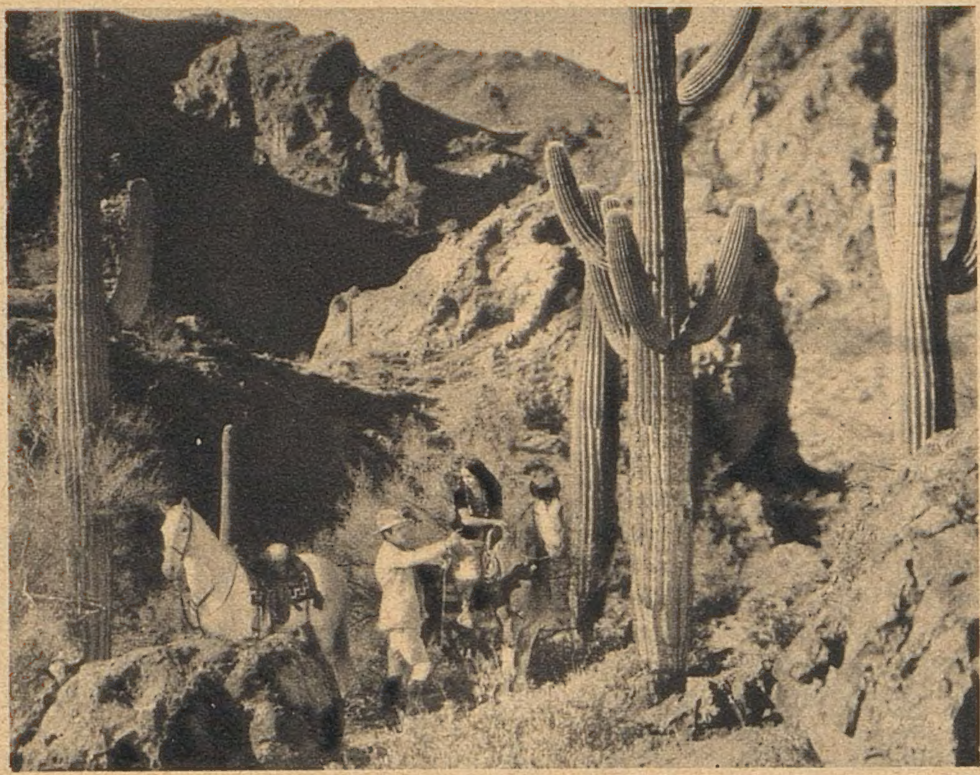
THE REAL SINS OF HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page nine

speculation as to what his ultimate fate would have been.

None the less, my contention is that actors and actresses like Valentino, Garbo, and Dietrich, or any others sufficiently gifted to present the higher art forms, should be reserved by the moving-picture industry—some central board of art criticism, let us say—for at least one superior production a year. Such players as these might do wonders toward elevating motion pictures above their present level. Thus, and obviously, Marlene Dietrich could play Thaïs. Who can doubt that Greta Garbo would shine in Emily Brontë's Wuthering Heights?

At any rate, it is obvious to me that for the sake of the possibilities of the movies as an art, the best talent in it should on occasion be called upon not only to exercise its supreme capabilities, but aided in every way so to do. Yet is that ever thought of, let alone done? During the past ten or fifteen years, what arresting exemplifications, if any?

In the past, upon the legitimate stage at least, a great actor or actress was looked upon as a god or goddess of art. Now our wholesale movie and radio corporations have, by their own indifference or insensitivity or greed, or all three, ended that lovely illusion which clothed such stage geniuses as Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Constant Coquelin, Mary Anderson, Sarah Bernhardt. For by them was certainly evoked an artistic reality which in their followers flowered into something akin to worship. Who of the elders of this day does not recall Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Maude Adams, Richard Mansfield? But show me the equivalent of any of them anywhere today! Yet perhaps an incident will convey more clearly what I mean.



"Pictorial effects on the screen," Dreiser notes, "are real; those on the stage, especially outdoor scenery, are artificial." This scene from The Squaw Man exemplifies the screen's advantage as a medium of art in the matter of real outdoor backgrounds.

IN 1905, when Maude Adams opened at the Empire Theater in New York in Barrie's Peter Pan, the critics made fun of the play. Of what followed Mr. Alexander Woollcott has written, in the New York Sun:

> But Maude Adams had faith, and so did Charles Frohman. Through the first scanty weeks they held the Empire stage, and then gradually, as the Peter Pantheists found out how good and dear a play was waiting for them, the tide turned, and in the crowds that waited in the falling snow at the stage door after each performance, just for a glimpse of Miss Adams as she went to her carriage, you heard the overtones of a folkway and saw the beginnings of an immortality.

And again, with the rank, greedy, insensitive, nonperceptive commercialism of this our movie world, contrast the temperaments as well as the financial and personal generosity of many of the above artists. In the 1860s, when Booth was at the zenith of his career, he invited the great German tragedian, Bogumil Davison, to play Othello while he himself took the lesser part of Iago. And even later, Booth played Iago when Salvini had the title rôle of Othello. He also played with such brilliant actresses as Charlotte Cushman and Helena Modjeska. And the late Sir Henry Irving and Booth alternated in playing Othello and Iago. More, Irving advertised actresses like Mrs. Sterling and Ellen Terry equally prominently with himself.

In consequence, and justly, these gifted players were looked upon with reverence. Young artists could but be inspired by such masters.

But compare these and their worship with the careers and personal evocations of our present-day motion-picture players. I know of no finer actress who has been cast in worse stories than Greta Garbo. It isn't that the original stories selected have not been good, but that uniformly they have been so wretchedly adapted or rewritten as to make them trash. Only recall Inspiration, one of Miss Garbo's plays, which Mordaunt Hall, the New York Times motion-picture critic, speaks of as "a sadly unconvincing talking pictorial conception of Alphonse Daudet's Sapho," itself a beautiful story.

AND as for Susan Lenox, by David Graham Phillips, itself by no means as imposing a piece of realism as it might have been, but good and capable of improvement in the movies if placed in a master's hands, that was made not merely into another very bad movie story, but so twisted and trashy a thing as to be sufficient to wreck even Garbo's appeal. And yet, as Mr. Hall has said, since Garbo has never given anything but an excellent account of herself, it is a pity that she should not have had better stories.

But does that mean anything to the master minds of the world's largest "art" industry? We know it does not. And for the reasons above pointed out: that it is the lowest, or at least the most popular, and so paying, level that is sought, and never with so much as a compromise, let alone a sacrifice, in favor of something really beautiful and worth while. Were I so minded, I could continue through a long list of instances of exploitation of excellent talent in poor stories, and for commercial reasons, with the consequent debasing of the players themselves. So much so that the moving-picture houses the world over are today only half or three-quarters filled.

The trouble is that the fate of these actors and actresses is, of course, largely, and I suppose I should say completely, determined by the companies which control them with contracts. For whereas ten years ago these contracts were usually for one picture or for a very short time, now contracts are made over a long period of years. Also, whereas in the beginning actors and actresses worked for eight, ten, or a dozen companies within a short period, now their destinies are all with one concern or with allied or similar companies, and their artistic freedom is exactly nothing.

Actually, the big companies control players' contracts in so drastic and shabby a way as to make their artistic future a nightmare, and the thought of every little upstart occupying an office chair is to prove himself greater and much more important than the genius who is still called upon to enthrall the public. They are told what and how and are charged to obey on pain of ostracism the world over. And yet Hollywood ventures to speak of the artists and the art of their purely commercial picture world!

This particular situation had its rise largely in the formation in 1916 of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from many producing companies. This company was even by then so powerful that it soon absorbed Paramount, its distributing company. This group, already controlling production and distribution, set upon a scheme to control exhibition of these films, and the plan turned out to be sure-fire. For immediately thereafter they bought or built 400 theaters, most of which they designated as first-run houses. These they made more luxurious and glittering than palaces or cathedrals. The vast clamor created over openings in these cathedrals brought a prestige and the enhanced value of advertising against which no one could compete. At that time this company, already controlling 75 per cent of the stars, was in a position so to exploit them as to dim the possibilities of any less-advertised star.

To show what power this particular company then wielded in the career of any of its stars—how and when, for instance, he or she was to be presented to the public—let me cite a Supreme Court case showing this company guilty under the Sherman Anti-Trust law. The court said that the practice of compulsory arbitration over disputes arising in connection with exhibitors' contracts was unlawful restraint of trade. Also, in connection with a First National case, the government attacked credit committees which restrained the freedom of sales of motion pictures. The New York Times, late in 1930, reported that the Supreme Court had held ten of the largest motion-picture producers and thirty-two distributing boards, controlling 98 per cent of the motion pictures, guilty under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

Well, as against such a united and plainly illegal trust front, what opportunity has the writer, player, director, actor—granting him art or genius—to do anything really worth while? What? And after the player has been so dogmatically and crassly exploited, what chance has he or she of retaining popularity? For, because of the dull pictures in which he or she is forced to appear, audiences, as I have said, grow tired not only of his or her face but of his or her work—which is all it is; whereupon the player is first dropped from the major contract list, and then later is let to the independents.

Hollywood's Answer

This article presents only one side of the motion-picture story. The leaders of the industry will reply to Mr. Dreiser's accusations in Liberty next week.

AFTER that, however, the public hears almost nothing about these small-concern "stardoms." Or supposing the players remain under contract to the big companies, nevertheless their pictures become of such minor importance that they are finally dropped. Many such players so misused finally free-lance in the supporting cast of this or that trivial thing. Thus, Claire Windsor, after a five-year contract with Goldwyn, went to Tiffany-Stahl, and Jacqueline Logan starred in such little companies that her work was practically lost. So, like the fairly constant rainfall per year, it goes. A list in Variety of those who lost popularity in 1931 includes Vilma Banky, Monte Blue, Evelyn Brent, Dolores Costello, Marie Prevost, Norma Talmadge. All of these latterly have been in stupid pictures.

Of course this exploitation of the star is done for money-making reasons. Sensational movies attract more people than others. And since neither the will nor the power to think and feel keenly the higher things of life has ever been encouraged by these movie masters, the movies themselves have become an enormous example of mental and so social frustration. Every crazy thing has been and still is forced upon the not very experienced and quite gullible public. For, as we all know, when notices of coming pictures are flashed on the screen, a note describing the picture's greatness appears, usually signed "Your Manager." And these "personal notes" appear all over the country before millions of people, vast numbers of whom do or did believe in the "greatness," "depth," "power," and what not of the coming Hollywood creation, although subsequently and because of this mechanical production contract system, against which the local theater manager has no redress, they are coming to learn what the word "hooey" means. Also, since there are no independent artistic production companies or theaters anywhere, these wares are what they must see or else stay at home.

Yet, as we all know, everything today is called "great." And in connection with that, I often wish that advertising ethics were a matter of law. For then when a really great play or novel was screened, the public, with some informative and helpful data on the subject thrown in for its enlightenment as well as enjoyment, might be aided mentally to sort the best from the worst. And how much better that would be! And, incidentally, how refreshing to see a plain old melodrama of the sob school labeled as such and not as the world's greatest screen production to date!

Hollywood, however, turning out 800 features a year, wants to get the people to the movies several times a week. It also knows that the bulk of the people can be attracted by the bizarre, the scandalous, the what not. Hence the preponderance of melodrama now flooding the country and, more completely than at any time in the past, even lumping all of the old-time stock companies together.

WHAT is more, the movie companies have found a way to force these ignorant, albeit money-making, movies upon the public. This is none other than the block-booking system, adopted about 1915, by which a theater owner, in order to get a much desired picture of superior quality, has to take a whole block (fifteen or twenty) of mediocre pictures. This system, long since taken up by the combined producing and distributing companies, is still in force. And now that the theaters themselves, as well as the producing companies, are controlled by the same interests, pictures may be shown in these theaters because they own the theaters rather than because of the artistic merit of the film.

Finally, as I have said and illustrated, the real masterpieces of literature which Hollywood films are notoriously botched or at best altered and changed to suit some sales agent's view of what is right and proper. And this countinghouse school of production becomes worse, not better. I even believe that Hollywood is becoming more erratic and superficial hourly. If you doubt this, read reviews of the old movies, or recall, if you will, that years ago Les Misérables was filmed most accurately according to Hugo's chapters. Also the works of Balzac, Tolstoy, France, D'Annunzio, and others. In fact, even Hawthorne's book plan was used for the early filming of his Scarlet Letter. And how he would have appreciated that today!

But let me finally point out here that in this matter of artistic standards, American movies compare most unfavorably with foreign productions. Of the reviews of forty-five movies of foreign as well as American origin examined by me, of nine foreign pictures, eight followed the original story; but of thirty-six American pictures, only nine followed the original story. So judge for yourself.

And of those pictures which according to American—not foreign—picture critics included both good acting and adequate representation of the original, seven were American and six foreign.

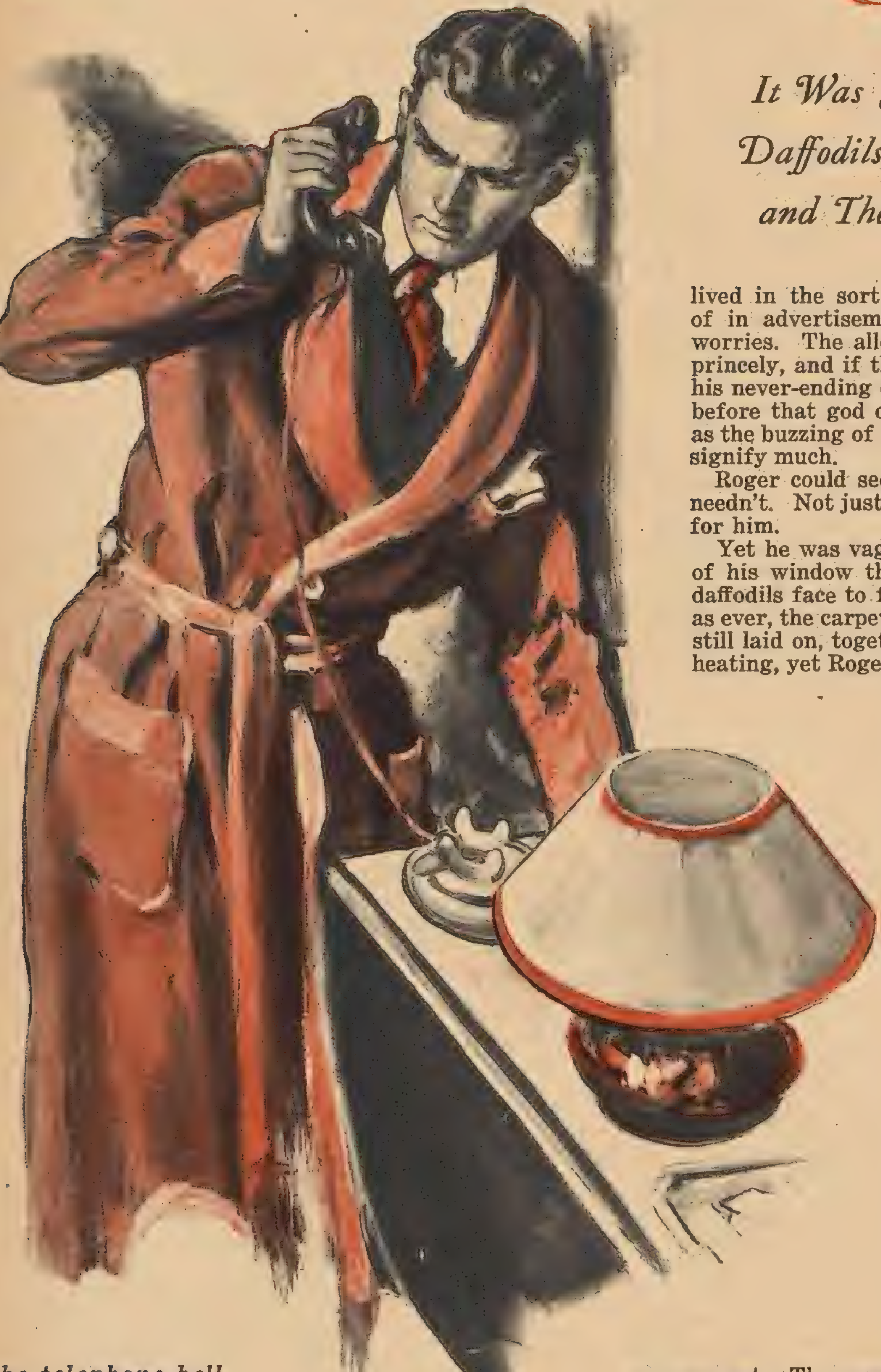
And yet the eminent Mr. Samuel Goldwyn said only the other day: "The Russian films are overestimated. There's too much education in the foreign celluloids. Americans don't go to the theater to be educated. When they want to be educated they go to schools."

Well, as we used to say when we were suddenly confronted with inexplicable signs and wonders—and say with reason: *"What do you know about that?"*

THE END

Only Two Years,

It Was Spring and the Daffodils Were Nodding and There Was a Girl



The telephone bell rang. He went to answer it. It was Mabel.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 2 seconds.)

ROGER looked out of the window of his luxury flat at spring in the park, at the daffodils nodding in his rich green window box. The sun was shining, and he had everything in the world he fancied he wanted. Yet he was vaguely dissatisfied, and this annoyed him, because he knew he had no reason to be dissatisfied. He lived in the sort of flat ordinary men only read of in advertisements. He had no sordid money worries. The allowance his father made him was princely, and if the old man was a bit tiresome in his never-ending efforts to get his son to fall down before that god of the elderly—Work—it was but as the buzzing of a gnat in his son's life. It did not signify much.

Roger could see no point in working when you needn't. Not just then. The firm had no attraction for him.

Yet he was vaguely dissatisfied as he looked out of his window that spring morning and met his daffodils face to face. The curtains were as silken as ever, the carpet as luxurious, and iced water was still laid on, together with the last word in central heating, yet Roger was dissatisfied for all that. He had a queer feeling that morning that things were going on around him—lovely things—in which he had no part. He had that most goading of all youthful sensations, the conviction that he was missing something. It was, said Roger, clutching at a metaphor he understood, as if he were tuning in on the wireless and getting here and there vague snatches of a haunting melody he could never quite pick up.

He seemed to hear scraps of it now as he looked out into the park and saw girls tripping by, exercising dogs, and prams tripping by, exercising babies, and the wind rushing by, exercising pieces of newspaper and the tree tops and horses' tails. A gust of it, entering through the open window, exercised half a dozen invitation cards off his writing table, all requesting the pleasure of Mr. Roger Patrick's company here, there, and everywhere. He was one of the most popular of the younger set. The newspaper said so frequently, and if the newspapers say it is so, it must be so.

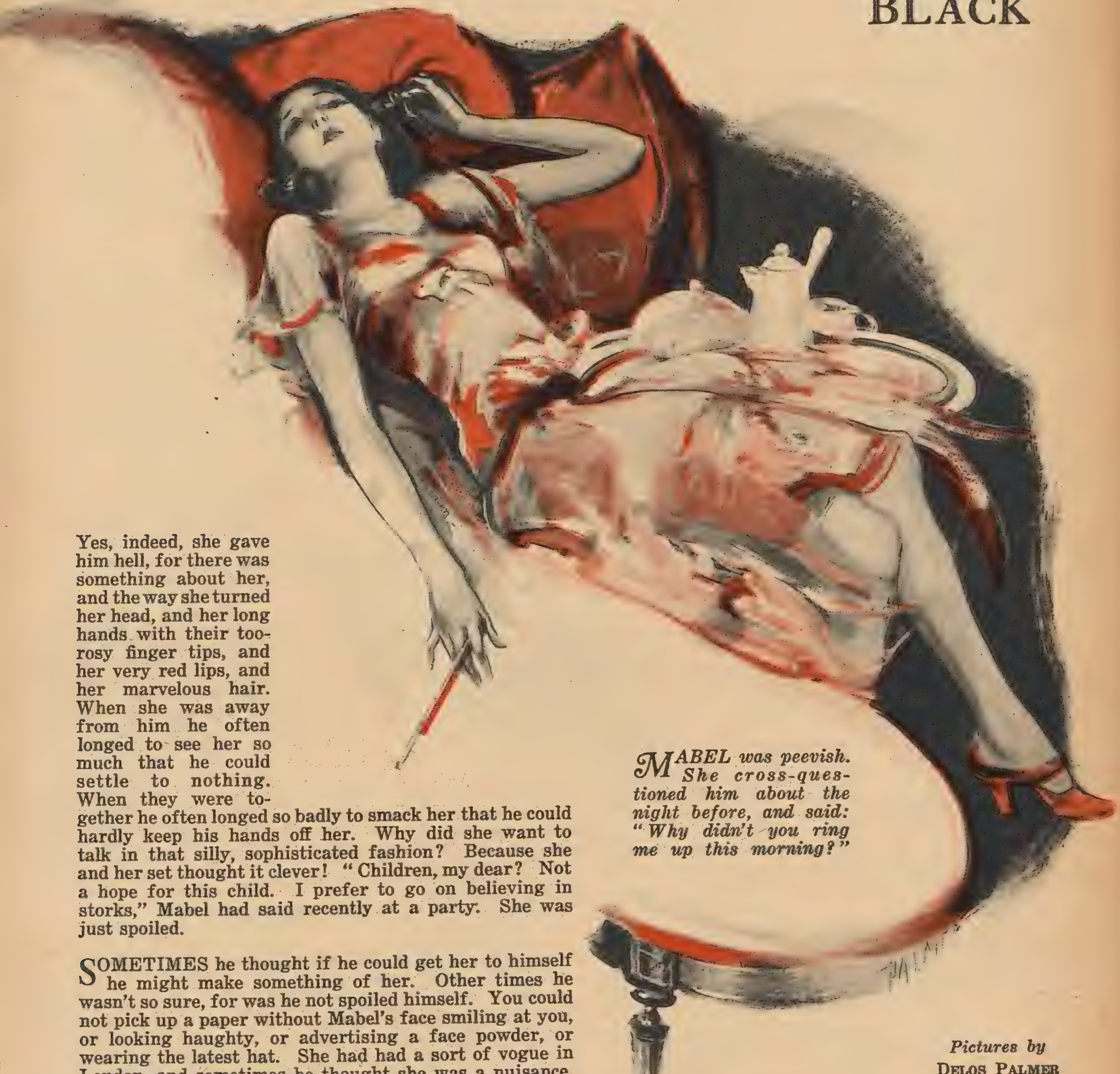
He opened one of them now, and almost the first paragraph that met his eye said:

> At a fashionable night club recently, I saw that popular and handsome couple, Mr. Roger Patrick and Miss Mabel Bellamore, who, if rumor speaks true . . .

A smile lit Roger's gray eyes and he wrinkled his nose suddenly. Did rumor speak true? He hadn't any idea. He was just lazing. Certainly Mabel made his heart ache.

My Lovely

By
DOROTHY
BLACK



Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

MABEL was peevish. She cross-questioned him about the night before, and said: "Why didn't you ring me up this morning?"

Yes, indeed, she gave him hell, for there was something about her, and the way she turned her head, and her long hands with their too-rosy finger tips, and her very red lips, and her marvelous hair. When she was away from him he often longed to see her so much that he could settle to nothing. When they were together he often longed so badly to smack her that he could hardly keep his hands off her. Why did she want to talk in that silly, sophisticated fashion? Because she and her set thought it clever! "Children, my dear? Not a hope for this child. I prefer to go on believing in storks," Mabel had said recently at a party. She was just spoiled.

SOMETIMES he thought if he could get her to himself he might make something of her. Other times he wasn't so sure, for was he not spoiled himself. You could not pick up a paper without Mabel's face smiling at you, or looking haughty, or advertising a face powder, or wearing the latest hat. She had had a sort of vogue in London, and sometimes he thought she was a nuisance, but sometimes he thought she was a darling.

Two letters still lay unopened on his table. The first was from the Charlestons asking him down to a week-end house party at Marlow. The second he could not make out. It was addressed in an ornate and rather immature handwriting, and not until he had opened it did he realize it was from his cousin Helen. A smile spread over his face as he thought of his cousin Helen. She was a nice girl of the wind-blown, cricket-playing, stout-legged variety.

A public-school boy in petticoats, modern, downright, and a bit hearty. Given to saying exactly what she thought, with an added zest if it happened to be disagreeable. What could she possibly want with him?

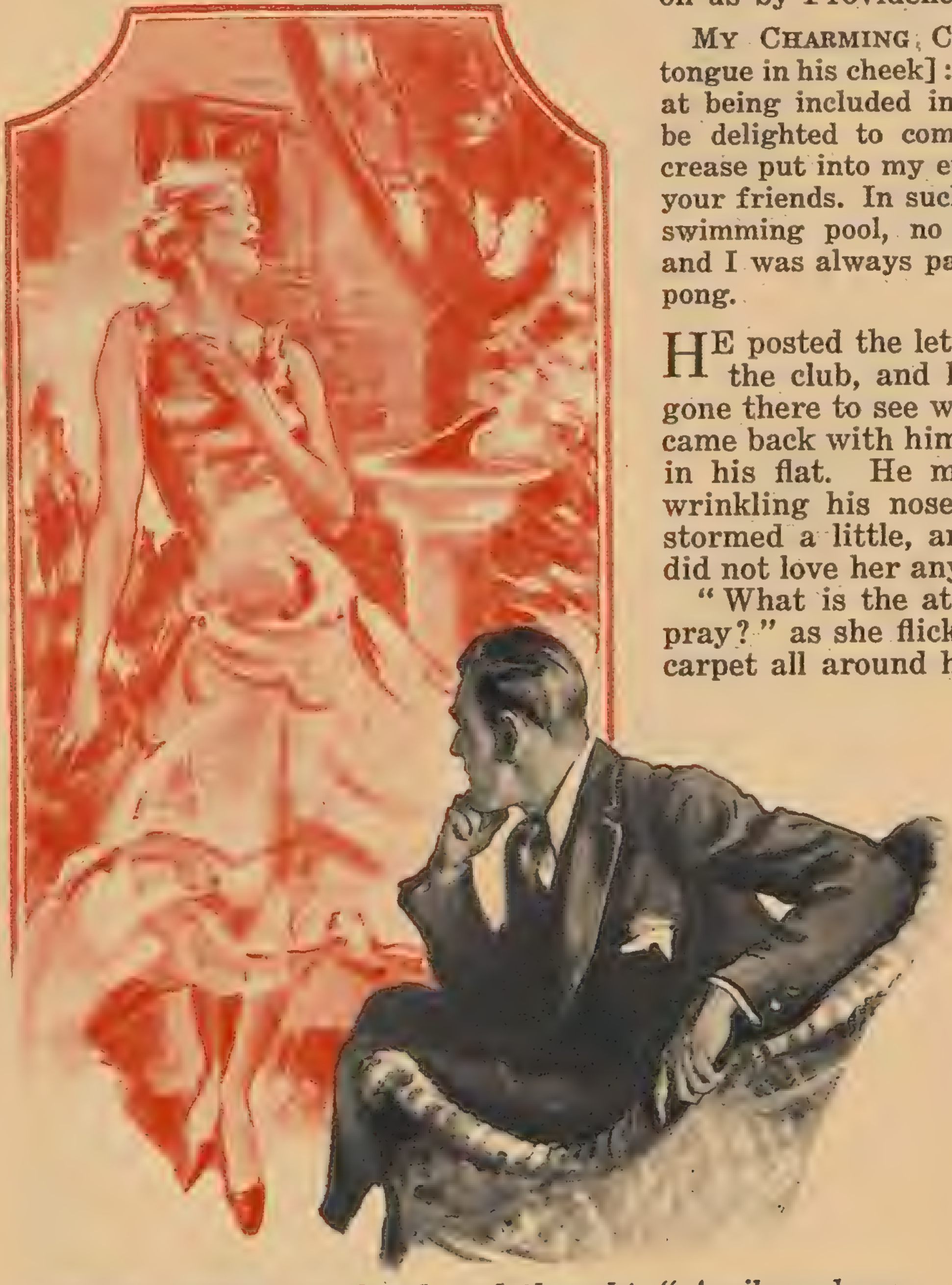
DEAR COUSIN ROGER [said the note, all embellished with ornamentation, as if every word were flying bunting]: We are having a young people's house party here for the half term. Mother and Co. will be comfortably in the background

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

> and have given the house over to us. I shall be hostess. I am bringing several friends back from St. Botolph's with me, and their brothers are coming too. And Ralfe Barton from Eton. Do come for it, will you? All the girls here know you by name and were too thrilled to know you were a relation of mine. It would guarantee my party being a success, and I promise you would not be bored. There is the swimming pool if it is decent weather, and we are having a dance the first night which will be divine, and we have arranged ping-pong.

Roger threw back his head and laughed. Ping-pong with a lot of little girls and boys at a half-term party! A novel idea indeed, and not very much in his line. Besides which, he knew it was swank and not love that had guided Helen's pen. She wanted to show him off to her girl friends. He wrinkled his nose and threw the letter on to his bureau. If it hadn't been the same week-end as the Charlestons', he might have chanced it. Just for a lark. Just for a change. But Mabel, he knew, was going to the Charlestons'.



He sat, chin in his hand, and thought, "A silver dress and scarlet slippers."

He stood by the window, thinking of Mabel. The daffodils in the window box looked in at him, and it seemed to him again that they were shaking their heads sadly, as if saying, "Take care, Roger. You are missing such a lot." And the spring wind, moaning a little in his chimney, seemed to echo that warning.

The telephone bell rang. He went to answer it, full of loving-kindness, and his heart gave a little leap, for he knew it was Mabel. But Mabel was peevish. She was in one of the moods he hated her in. She cross-questioned him about what he had done the night before, and then said:

"Why didn't you ring me up this morning? You promised to."

"Darling, did I? But it is so early. I'm barely awake."

"Then you weren't quietly at home last night if you are barely awake at eleven A. M. That's all I can say. If you really loved me . . ."

Roger sighed and changed legs. He had heard all this before.

"ARE you driving me to the Charlestons'?" she demanded. On the spur of the moment he was bothered if he'd stand it. He was bothered if she was going to feel she could treat him like a lump scraped off the boot on a doorstep! He said brightly:

"Sorry, darling. I've had to refuse. I'm going to a house party at my aunt's. Down at Hazelwood. For the week-end."

Mabel rang off at that. He knew what he was expected to do. He was expected to go out, purchase flowers, and present himself in a chastened mood in nice time to take her out for lunch. Well, for once in a way he wasn't going to do anything of the kind. Roger stood up and stretched luxuriously. Mabel must no longer imagine she could pipe and he would dance as a matter of course. He must make a stand. He supposed he was going to marry her. Certainly everyone else supposed he was, and if she behaved like this before, what about after? He had never felt brave and strong enough to take a stand before, and he rather wondered at himself this morning, but it was all born of the spring and his odd dissatisfaction and his feeling that he was missing something.

He picked up Helen's letter. Bless her heart and her stout legs and her half-term party! He would go. It would be killing any number of birds with one stone: teach Mabel a lesson; please his father, who complained he took no interest in the family, which, truth to tell, he seldom did, uncles and aunts being what they are, thrust on us by Providence and no tastes consulted.

> MY CHARMING COUSIN [penned Roger, his tongue in his cheek]: I am flattered beyond words at being included in your house party. I shall be delighted to come, and will have a special crease put into my evening trousers to captivate your friends. In such company I shall enjoy the swimming pool, no matter what the weather, and I was always passionately addicted to ping-pong.

HE posted the letter on his way to lunch at the club, and later met Mabel, who had gone there to see whether he was there. She came back with him afterward and had coffee in his flat. He made it himself, delicately wrinkling his nose at her. She sulked, and stormed a little, and said it was evident he did not love her any more, and inquired:

"What is the attraction about Hazelwood, pray?" as she flicked cigarette ash on to the carpet all around her, a habit he hated, who was house-proud as only very young men can be.

"You'll be tickled to death, Mabel," he said, and over her shoulder he noticed all the daffodils in his window box nodding and nodding, as if agreeing that Mabel was shortly going to be tickled to death. "It's a half-term house party organized by my cousin Helen, who is seventeen. Aunt Mary has apparently handed over the mansion to the young for the week-end. I am to be the lion. We shall swim in the pool, and everyone will be very red and mottled and healthy. We shall also play ping-pong."

"It sounds very unsophisticated and pure."

"On the contrary, it will be very modern and sophisticated, and no doubt just a trifle brutal. The very young can give even us points."

"You'll be bored to tears."

"Naturally. But think of the pleasure I shall give to others."

"I would not have thought it would amuse you to have a lot of little girls raving over you sloppily."

He said, wrinkling his nose at her, "You're jealous you haven't been asked, baby girl! Uncle Ted has some marvelous old brandy. Besides, think of the ping-pong!"

But you couldn't jolly Mabel when she was in that mood. He wasn't sorry that she wouldn't stay to tea, and he did not believe she had an appointment with Charles Brice. He had never felt so independent of Mabel before; but for all that he spent the evening in jealous anxiety in case she really was growing fond of Charlie. That was the disastrous effect this girl had on Roger. . . .

He presented himself at Hazelwood, his aunt's house.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

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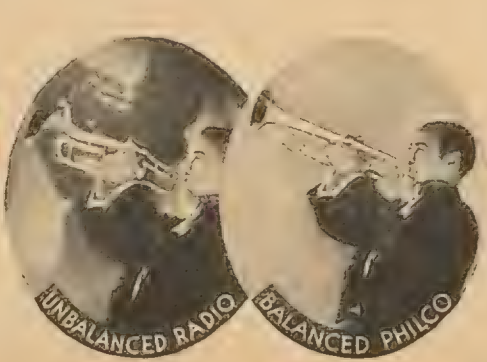

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Never before had he heard such a clamor and a clatter in his aunt's spacious hall. Hazelwood rang like the zoo at feeding time, with bright noises of the very young talking, mingled with those other noises made by the very young when experimenting socially: the scrape of spoons toying with lumps of sugar in cups; the clatter of teapots slammed down on trays; the hoots of mirth when someone upset a plate of cakes.

Roger braced himself to meet his cousin Helen's embrace.

“Oh, Roger, you lamb! You've come! Isn't that divine! Mother said she didn't think you would, and father was sure you'd have an urgent message to go elsewhere at the last minute. Roger, this is Phyllis, and Dorothy, and Jenifer, and Lucy, and Alice.”

They came, a spate of girls, bright eyes, glossy hair. They were all pretty. They were all being very grown-up, with an uneasy archness that often ended unexpectedly to all concerned in a shrill giggle. The young men were terrible. They were fluffy, and they wore, without exception, very plus plus fours. These young people were all having a Perfectly Marvelous Time to which Roger had no clue. They said so to one another again and again.

“Isn't this marvelous! Isn't this divine! Have you seen Phyllis? Yes. Have you seen Dorothy? No. There is Dorothy. Oh, Dorothy, whoopee! Isn't this divine! Isn't this wooffy?”

“No sugar for me, thanks,” said Roger, and got a cup with at least five lumps in. Wistfully into his heart there crept the knowledge that here was something he could not see any more, a strain of music he could not pick up. He felt positively bearded and bowed.

“Isn't Phyllis divine?” said Helen, and Roger agreed heartily, to save time, though he hadn't any notion which was Phyllis. “There is a real band tonight, and ices. Isn't that divine?”

DOROTHY BLACK

who wrote this story, is married and a mother. She lives in the languorous Far East, but, despite that, admits always having had an urge to work. Besides short stories she is also author of a novel, Idle Women.

Aunt Mary appeared for a brief moment, and kissed him with the warmth of one sticking a stamp on a letter.

“I hope you won't be too miserable, dear,” she said. “Nice of you to come.” She was obviously thinking of something else.

Not only the dinner but the band and the floor seemed excellent. Fortified by Uncle Ted's old brandy secretly consumed with coffee in the library, Roger took a program and put his mind to being the complete guest. He booked two dances with Helen, and then made himself agreeable to Alice, to Dorothy, to Jenifer. With one accord they had chosen taffeta for their dance frocks, with one accord they had plumped for pink, or for blue, or for that queer green that is like the sea as one least wishes to remember it.

As for their boy friends, all these young young men, awed by their own tails and white ties, were being conscientiously flirtatious with the taffeta-clad girls.

“Oh, I say, that is a pretty frock.”

“Oh, go on, you don't mean that.”

“Oh, yes I do, and you know I do.”

Another conversation near by arrested his attention—a young man Ralfe in conversation with a young man David:

“Good party, what?”

“Oh, divine!”

“I'm two dances short.”

“There's a girl in the corner there.”

“What? That one? No, thanks. Too dowdy for me. Do you know Dorothy?”

“Come, I will take thee to her.”

They departed. Roger, scenting a good work to put his hand to, went to look for the girl in the corner. “Old gentlemen must search out the wallflowers at functions of this kind,” he told himself, wrinkling his nose.

She was sitting alone in a plain white frock that fell rather softly, rather charmingly about her, almost to her ankles. Her hair was parted in the middle. Her hands, very long and slender, held her program in her lap. He stood staring at her. She was charming with a valentine elegance, nor was there anything studied or arch in the face she raised to his, lit up with pleasure that this popular and fashionable young man should ask her for a dance.

Without any hesitation she handed him her program, which was completely empty. He stared at it and then at her, amazed, and then all of a sudden he threw back his head and laughed aloud, that laugh that was so Roger, that women found so endearing.

She looked a little surprised, but he could not explain it to her. He could not tell her he was thinking, “To be so young that you prefer a rhododendron to a lily of the valley!” He said, “I see you haven't many dances. I haven't either.” He erased Dorothy, also Jenifer, Lucy, and Alice. “We must have a whole lot of dances together,” he said.

She was overjoyed at that. “I do hope Helen won't mind,” she said. “I am not really supposed to be here. I was staying with Dorothy—I'm her cousin—and her mother said it would be rude of Dorothy to go away and leave me, so Helen very decently asked me too, though I am not really a friend of hers.”

“Are you—at the same school?”

“Oh, yes. I've been there always. I have to spend the holidays there very often. You see, my mother and father are in Canada. I haven't seen them for years. I'm learning to be a school-teacher myself. They sometimes let me take the little ones now.” She nodded at that, quite overjoyed evidently by the treat of it. “I'm poor, you see. That's one of the reasons why I am not—sort of one of Helen's set.”

No. He could see that. The family did not make friends who were not rich. Who might not be Of Use, as Aunt Mary put it.

“So you are going to be one of the world's workers.”

“I hope so,” she said simply. “I'd hate to do nothing. Wouldn't you?”

Roger, who had never done anything else, maintained a discreet silence. He looked at her little face that was shaped like a shield, at the poise of her head and her slender hands, and a queer feeling he had never known before filled him. He thought, “It couldn't happen, not like this. Not all of a sudden. I'm just imagining it.”

He said, “The prettiest frock in the room,” and fingered a piece of her little white dress.

Her cheeks flushed at that with swift pleasure. “Oh! And I made it myself. I thought it wasn't really good enough, but I hadn't another. Aunts sometimes send me clothes, but they very rarely fit.”

“They wouldn't,” he said, laughing again. And then, suddenly serious, he added, “I would like to see you in a silver dress, with scarlet slippers.”

She smiled, looking very intent, as if she could see that lovely dress, and then her face grew grave and her eyes clouded, and she said:

“I don't suppose I ever shall, though.”

They danced again. And then again. She was like a piece of thistledown, so light in his arms. He got black looks from Dorothy, from Jenifer and Lucy, but he did not care. He was mad that night, and his heart whispered, “Two years. In two years' time she will be eighteen.”

Eighteen to his twenty-seven. There was nothing out of the way in it. It was just right. It was as if, all of a sudden, he had tuned in on that elusive melody and got it, and it filled his heart with sweetness. It was as if, all at once, he discovered what it was he had been missing.

“You're staying for the week-end?” he said, telling himself he was ridiculous, telling himself such things did not happen.

“No,” she said. “Dorothy has to go home. She is going to another dance tomorrow night.”

“And you?”

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

It costs 12 times more to blend Hires Root Beer from natural juices . . .

Yet You Pay No More Than For Cheap Imitations Made Only From Oil Flavors

HIRES ROOT BEER is as natural and delicious as the delicate juice of fresh, luscious oranges or tomatoes.

This famous national favorite contains the luscious and wholesome juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, and is blended by a slow, costly percolating process.

Hires Root Beer has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association—the *first* Root Beer to be accepted by this public-protecting organization.

Don't be fooled by imitators into accepting oil flavored substitutes. Even the foam is often faked with an added drug (saponin).

Wise dispensers gladly pay more for the genuine Hires Root Beer. Because it is so appetizing and refreshing, it holds good will, builds business. Yet *you* pay no more when you insist upon and get Hires Root Beer instead of an oil flavored substitute.

Which will *you* have?

THE GENUINE!
Hires Root Beer contains the natural juices. It's satisfying like the juice of oranges or tomatoes—it is free from drugs

or

THE IMITATION!
Harsh, disagreeable after-taste because of oil flavors and chemical foam. Made in a few seconds by imitators who fail to duplicate the natural taste of Hires Root Beer.

ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
Committee on Foods

Drink
Hires
Root Beer
FOR THIRST AND CHEER

Get your daily Hires Root Beer these 3 ways:

1. At Fountains
2. In Bottles
3. Make It At Home

Don't just ask for "root beer"—
Say Hires Root Beer to get the Genuine.

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

ONLY TWO YEARS, MY LOVELY
Continued from page sixteen

"I've promised to have supper in the nursery with the children. Dorothy has an awfully nice little brother and sister."

"You seem rather fond of children."

She said, "Rather." She added, thoughtfully, "I think babies are sweet," and her face lit up with a smile. He took out his pocketbook.

"I'm going to write your name down in this, if you'll tell it to me, and I shall come and take Helen out to tea, and you must come too."

"But perhaps Helen won't want me."

"*I* shall want you. If Helen doesn't care to, we will go alone." He smiled at her.

He had to go and dance with Helen, and then the party was over, all noisy good nights in the hall. And in the morning he had just time to see her, a quiet little girl in shabby brown, quite eclipsed by Dorothy's furs and frills and hand luggage.

"I shall see you again," he said; and she said, "I hope so. Thank you for being so nice to me."

Helen continued the theme at breakfast:

"It was awfully decent of you to be so nice to that kid, Rosemary Jeans. She's pretty blogg. I expect you quite turned her head. That awful frock!"

"Dorothy said she made it herself," chipped in Jenifer. "But her frock is nothing to her dressing gown. A sort of brown wincey, from an aunt."

Helen said, "Her underclothes, I cannot explain. Too, too menacing. Cast-iron embroideries and linen buttons like electric bells."

THEY yelled with mirth over Rosemary's underclothes. They could give points in cruelty, just as he had supposed, to Mabel and her set. There they sat, jeering about the little white lily of a girl. In two years' time no one would look at them if she was around. A beauty, she would be, but he was the only one who had the secret.

"Her parents are abroad, and Dorothy has to have her for all the holidays. It's rather hard on her."

"Very hard on her," agreed Roger mischievously.

"On Dorothy, I mean. For Rosemary is about a hundred years behind the times. All she cares about is reading and sewing and playing with kids."

"Only two years, my lovely," thought Roger. "Then we'll show them a thing or two."

Said Ralfe (Eton), "I tried my hand on her, but could make nothing of her." Roger thought that the finest bouquet any girl could receive. He held his peace. He played ping-pong, and risked pneumonia and swam all among those fine upstanding girls, all very healthy and mottled in their bathing suits. And every one of Helen's friends went away deciding she had been the success of the week-end with him, and Roger did not even remember their names, and felt very young and strong and happy as their brilliant repartee flowed on around him.

HE knew the message that the daffodils in his window box had been trying to tell him. He had caught the tune. He was so affable about the house that Uncle Ted could hardly bear to let him go. He had no fads about cousins marrying, and hoped perhaps they might make a match of it between him and Helen.

Roger couldn't believe it had happened, but it had happened. He had fallen in love, with the swiftness of the falling of a curtain. He knew his feelings for Mabel for what they were worth. He had done with all that now. There was no alternative. He dreamed as he sped back to London. He would buy a little house somewhere within reach of the City but with all the rural amenities. He closed his eyes and saw Rosemary, aged eighteen at last, in the garden there, a high hedge shutting the world out. He thought in a panic of how easily he might not have gone to Hazelwood for that half-term house party.

He wrote to his father that night:

DEAR DAD: You will be glad to hear that I have now made up my mind to come in with you, if you will still have me. My period of what you so politely called footling is over. I'm fed up with it, and sick of doing nothing. I am giving up this flat, and think of buying a small house in the country, and coming in every day . . .

He sat, chin in his hand, and thought, "A silver dress and scarlet slippers."

When Mabel telephoned, he was out. When she came round, he had gone away. The newspapers gradually lost interest in Mr. Roger Patrick, that most popular young man about town. The night clubs knew him no more. But the end of the story was really the beginning.

THE END

Next Week—

Beginning

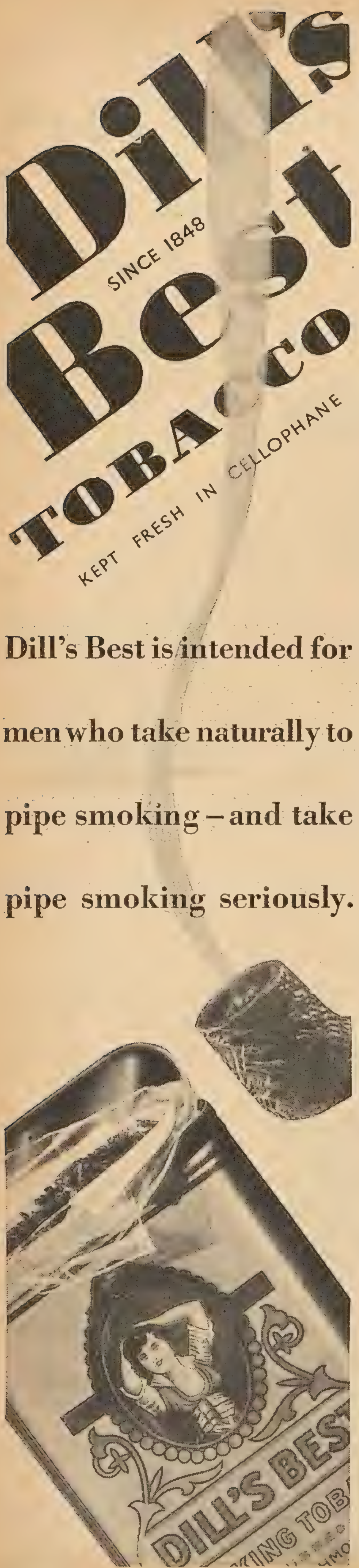
NO MORE ORCHIDS

A Novel of a Great Love

By

Grace Perkins

Author of
Ex-Mistress, Night Nurse, Personal Maid



Dill's Best is intended for men who take naturally to pipe smoking – and take pipe smoking seriously.

Some Recent Developments in Zoölogy

By Dr. Seuss

Four Beasts Who Are Making This a Better World to Live In

"This Image is no longer available"
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STATISTICS show that last year, out of three million pairs of rubbers that were thrown into hall closets, only two pairs ever were found again! To check this waste, science has developed the *Rubber-Hating Grackle.* This bird, a violent detester of rubbers, is simply installed in your hall closet. One look from him and you leave your rubbers outside, where they are easily found the next time it rains.

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FOR some strange reason, one leg on every card table is always shorter than the other three. And no matter how much paper you stuff under it the table still teeters. Unable to make legs properly, the manufacturers are now doing the next best thing. With every table they are giving away a *Tapered-Tailed Dingo.* This affectionate pet sits with his head in your lap, while his schwanz keeps the table from wabbling.

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OWNERS of cramped apartments today are enthusiastically hailing the greatest space-saving invention of recent years. It has at last been made possible to keep both a goldfish bowl and a cuckoo clock and still have room left for yourself. Besides being a space saver, the new *Goldfish Clock* is absolutely noiseless. Every sixty minutes the trained fish quietly opens his mouth and registers the hour in bubbles.

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OF all the difficulties of living alone, the greatest by far is the difficulty met in tying up bundles. A bachelor bundle tier is absolutely helpless—having no one to tell to "put your finger here." Perplexed for years, the American Bachelors Ass'n has finally solved the problem! Soon every bachelor in the country will be doing his bundles easily—assisted by his pet, the *Put-Your-Nose-Here Terrier.*

Helen Twelvetrees and John Barrymore in State's Attorney.

Anna Sten in Trapeze.

Politics
the Picture

A Barrymore Film, a
the Paris Underworld

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 6 minutes.)

EMISSARIES from Hollywood search the earth for bush-league sex appeal much as baseball scouts wander through the hinterland in quest of new Babe Ruths, Tris Speakers, and Ty Cobbs. The discovery of a Greta Garbo or a Marlene Dietrich means a fortune for the lucky producer who gets her signature to a contract.

Consider the case of Anna Sten. Only the other day Samuel Goldwyn, observing her work with Emil Jannings in Tempest and later in Trapeze, rushed to Berlin to sign her. Here, to all appearances, is another rare vein of It, rather in the model of the lureful Dietrich.

So now Miss Sten is in Hollywood, studying English sixteen hours a day so that she may play the feminine lead in Lives of a Bengal Lancer opposite Ronald Colman.

Born in Kiev, in the south of Russia, of a Swedish mother and a Russian father, Miss Sten is blonde and twenty-two. She went on the stage in Russia at fifteen. You may study the final European film work of this lovely Nordic Slav in Trapeze.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ STATE'S ATTORNEY

CAST

Tom Cardigan	John Barrymore
June Perry	Helen Twelvetrees
Vanny Powers	William Boyd
Lillian Ulrich	Jill Esmond
The Sash-Weight Murderess	Mary Duncan
Ulrich	Oscar Apfel
Señor Alvarado	Raoul Roulien
Defense Attorney	Ralph Ince

Directed by George Archainbaud.
Produced by Radio.

Of late the spotlight of Hollywood has been centered upon disreputable legal practices. They come in for another celluloid lashing in this co-starring vehicle of John Barrymore and Helen Twelvetrees.

Tom Cardigan is a brilliant and unscrupulous attorney who, bitten by political ambitions, becomes an assistant district attorney, turns straight, makes a flashing record, and is headed for the governor's chair—when his old comrades in evil threaten to expose his past. Cardigan refuses to deviate from the path of justice, remorselessly presses a charge of murder against an old pal, beats his enemies to it by revealing his own sordid youth before an astonished jury, and walks out of the courtroom.

Cardigan has picked up a pretty prisoner in night court, secured her release, and installed her in one of his garish, modernistic hide-aways. It is this blonde magdalen who tries to make a better man of Cardigan.

The story has its faults but it has genuine theatric qualities, thanks to Barrymore's playing of the cynical bad-good boy of the criminal courts. Miss Twelvetrees, too, is sentimentally plausible in the implausible rôle of the soiled dove who becomes the inspiration of his better (and less interesting) self.

★ ★ ★ LETTY LYNTON

CAST

Letty Lynton	Joan Crawford
Hale Darrow	Robert Montgomery
Emile Renaud	Nils Asther
Mr. Haney	Lewis Stone
Mrs. Lynton	May Robson
Miranda	Louise Closser Hale
Mr. Darrow	Walter Walker
Mrs. Darrow	Emma Dunn

Directed by Clarence Brown.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This is Joan Crawford's most splashy, emotionally spectacular film in a long time—and one that indicates how far the talkies have moved beyond the old screen barriers.

A wealthy, spoiled young woman, Letty plays at love. When the real thing comes along, she cannot get rid of the last indiscretion, a South American. The Latin threatens to show her letters, ruin her life.

Victor McLaglen in While Paris Sleeps.

May Robson, Robert Montgomery, and Joan Crawford in Letty Lynton.

Features Parade

Pair of Triangles, and
in Current Talkies

JAMES SMITH

She goes to his hotel rooms to plead and, if she fails, to take poison. She puts the stuff in a glass of champagne, and during the argument the South American drinks it unknowingly. He collapses, she gets away undiscovered, has a narrow escape from arrest for his murder, and gets off only when the man she loves lies nobly that she had spent the night with him.

The movies have softened the poisoning, which in the original novel of Marie Belloc Lowndes was deliberate. But they do indicate a reckless heroine who does as she likes, resumes her morals when she finds real love, indirectly kills a man, gloats at his dying throes, and then goes off to happiness.

Miss Crawford, who improves with each picture, is flashingly effective as the girl with the past, present, and future. She has gone in for a combination Garbo-Dietrich make-up and moves through her perils in a series of smart gowns. Robert Montgomery has less opportunity than usual as the right man, but he does the part pleasantly.

★ TRAPEZE

CAST

Marina	Anna Sten
Jim	Reinhold Bernt
Bobby	Adolf Wohlbrueck
Grimby	Curt Gerron
Press Agent	Otto Wallburg

Directed by E. A. Dupont
Produced in Germany by Harmonie.

E. A. Dupont, who made Variety, that unforgettable Emil Jannings-Lya de Putti silent film of passion and revenge among the circus acrobats, is back again with almost the same yarn, this time told with dialogue (in German) and sound. If this picture comes to your city you will want to see it because of Anna Sten as the gymnastic siren. She has appeal, but the rest of the film will leave you cold, since it is told turgidly, with trick photography and endless repetition.

No stars WHILE PARIS SLEEPS

CAST

Jacques Costaud	Victor McLaglen
Manon Costaud	Helen Mack
Paul Renoir	William Bakewell
Julot	Frank LaRue
Fifi	Rita LaRoy
Roco	Maurice Black
Kapas	Paul Porcasi

Directed by Allan Dwan.
Produced by Fox.

Here you have a male Madelon Claudet, Clara Deane, and Madame X, an escaped convict from Devil's Island trying to hide his identity from his daughter and yet doing his best to aid, protect, and give her happiness. All of the Paris underworld seems bent upon her ruin, but the redoubtable father, big Jacques Costaud, outwits, beats, and kills them all. So little Manon goes off with her Paul to that farm in Gascony, unmindful of papa's supreme sacrifice. Pretty dull and unbelievable.

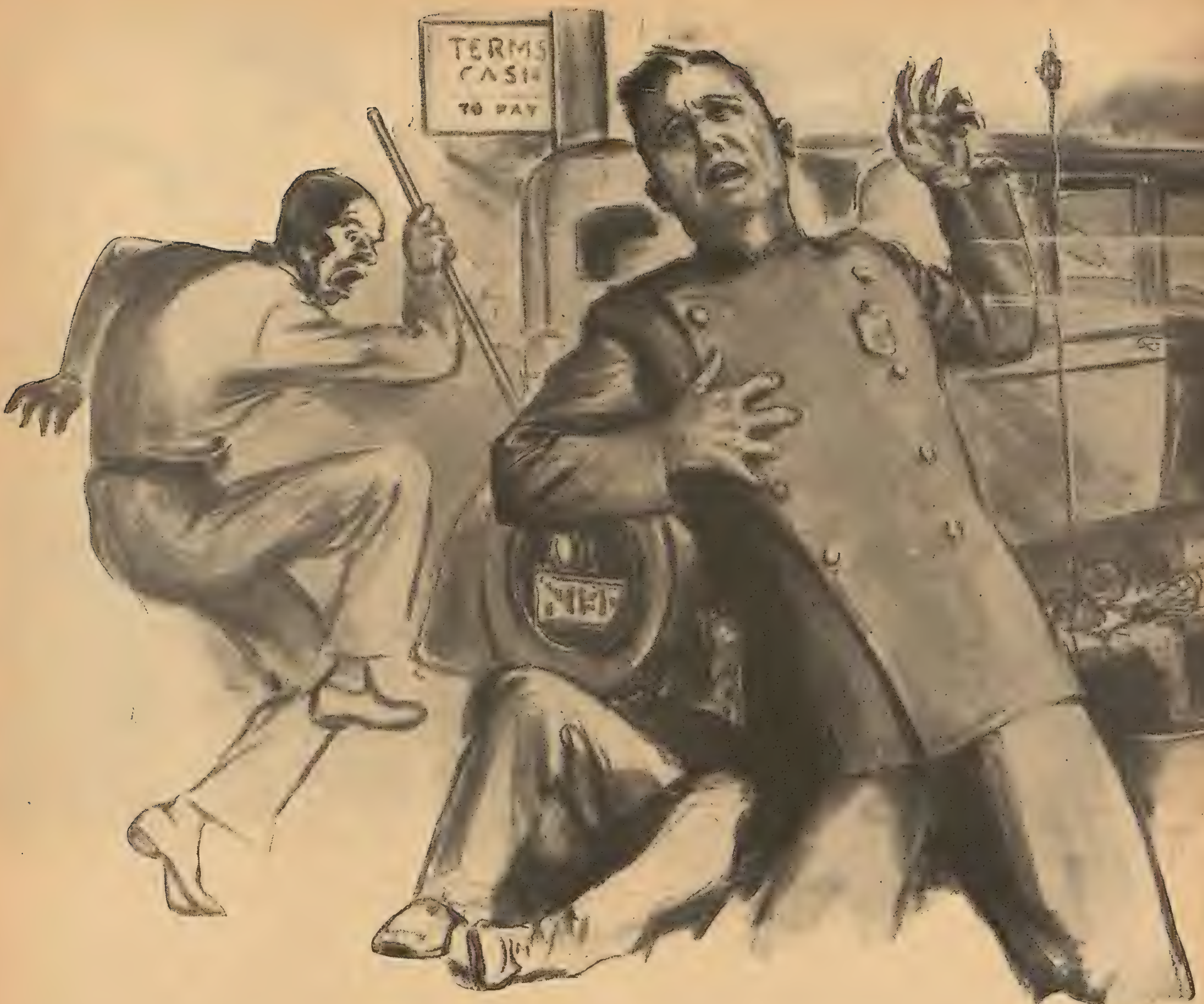
Do you know that—

Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper are to be costarred in a new talkie version of Madame Butterfly?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy.



How the New Racketeer Uses the Torch and Sabotage to Compel the Business Man to Meet His Grafting Demands

(Reading time: 20 minutes 50 seconds.)

"A RACKET," said Mr. Irwin, beginning this series of exposures in last week's Liberty, "is an unfair or illegal combination inside of a business, which usually enforces its regulations and decrees by methods still more unfair and illegal. Crime and crookedness we have always with us, but this parasitic growth on American business constitutes a new phenomenon. Its habitat is the service industries"—which usually work in small units, employ much hand labor, and require little capital.

He explained that the racket as we know it today is a vicious development from the measures taken, in the booming years that followed the World War, by associations of established firms with the object of lining up or crowding out their small independent competitors, whose cut-rate competition tended to lower standards and to depress prices unduly.

He named over and illustrated methods of coercion that have come to be used by racketeers. These range from tying up with the labor union concerned and utilizing its power to call strikes, or subsidizing city inspectors and thus taking advantage of the red tape in building codes, downward through sabotage and the milder forms of personal violence to arson, kidnaping, the "pineapple," the "spot," and the "ride."

PART II—WHEN THE RACKET GROWS RIOTOUS

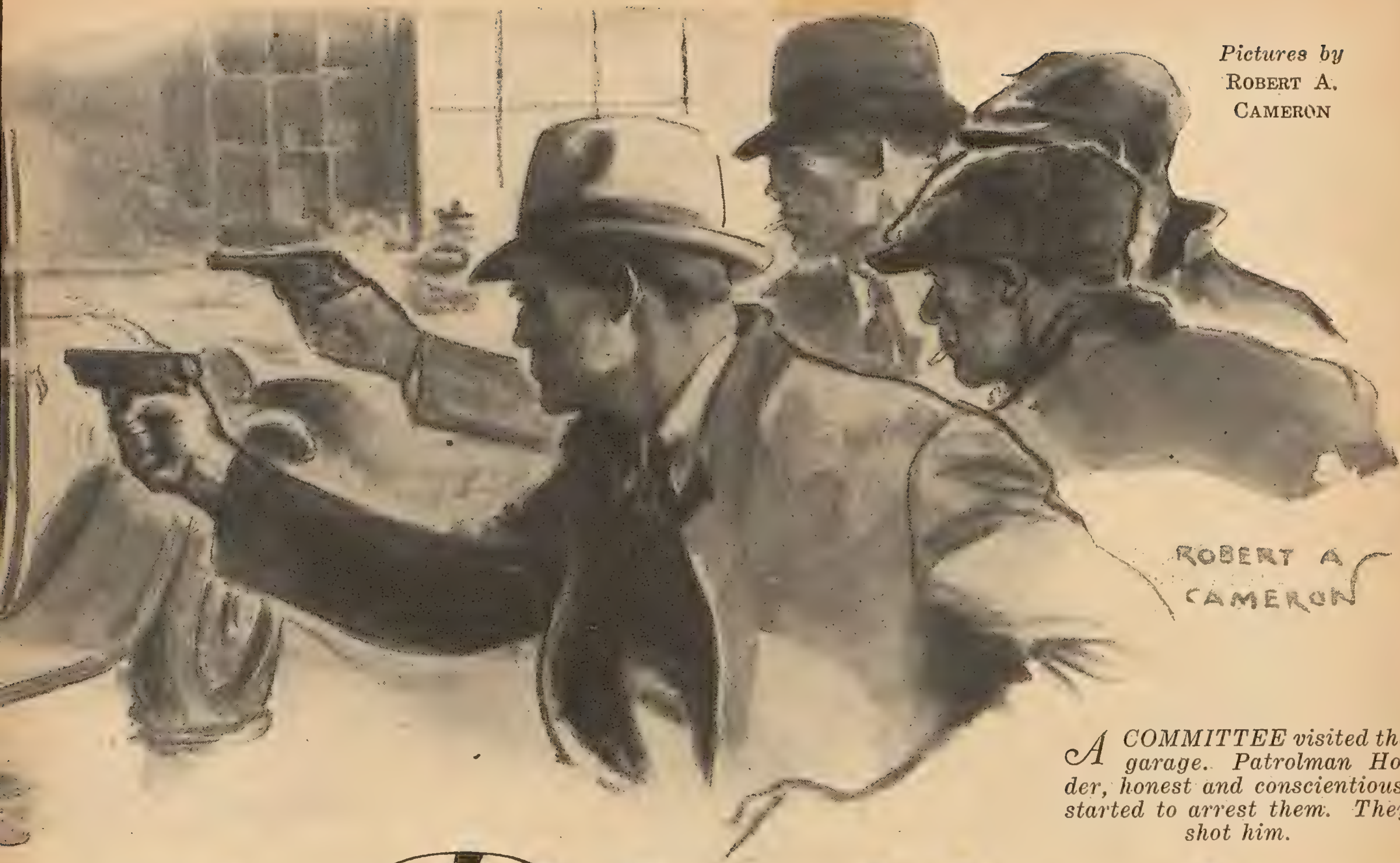
ALL rackets exist for two immediate and ostensible objects—to hold up prices and to eliminate trifling but troublesome competition. In most of them, however, the hidden and ultimate object is to support luxuriously one or more gentlemen who hold to the modern maxim, "Only saps work." All employ methods which cannot stand publicity; these vary from merely shady to shockingly criminal.

As I have said, there are three kinds. Type One is the respectable racket. It implies usually an alliance between the employers and the union leaders in the craft.

Type Two is the riotous racket. Usually, it grows out of Number One. The racketeers, finding kid-glove methods too slow, take to violence against person or property, often with cordial assistance from the underworld.

Type Three is the rotten racket—organized by gangsters from without the trade, employing from the first the slung shot, the automatic, and the bomb.

Racket Number Two uses the greatest variety of methods; therefore it serves best as an approach to the whole subject. And no example will illustrate it better than the plasterers' racket in the Bronx, New York.



Pictures by
Robert A. Cameron

A COMMITTEE visited the garage. Patrolman Hoder, honest and conscientious, started to arrest them. They shot him.

The Blackjack of EXTORTION

By WILL IRWIN

During the flush period which paled so suddenly in 1929, Manhattan was thinning out while the greater city was growing. Much of the emigration from tenements on the East Side and apartment houses on the West flowed into the Bronx. Residence buildings rose like mushrooms. Because credit was easy, the builders stood largely in the speculative class. They began on a shoe string and borrowed as they went; and they timed their operations so as to finish just before October first, the major moving holiday in New York, or May first, the minor one. For they depended on the first month's rent—from the tenants direct or from the lessee—to meet notes, interest, other pressing obligations. Let accident or incident delay completion of a new, speculatively built Bronx apartment house, and the builder might face bankruptcy. Into this hole of the local system a ring of plastering contractors inserted a criminal racket.

The process came melodramatically to notice of police, newspapers, and public in a series of strange fires. Unfinished Bronx apartment houses began to burn down. Always this happened at the same stage of construction—

plaster. No physical evidence remained, then. But the thing was beyond coincidence. Also these fires for the most part afflicted houses wherein members of a certain ring, long suspected of blackjack methods, held the plastering contracts. The police rounded up the professional firebugs of their picture gallery. This method got them nowhere. Evidently these were not professional crimes. They did not have to be. And while detectives and stool pigeons were working on the latest job, the engines would go clanging down the street to another fire in an unfinished apartment house.

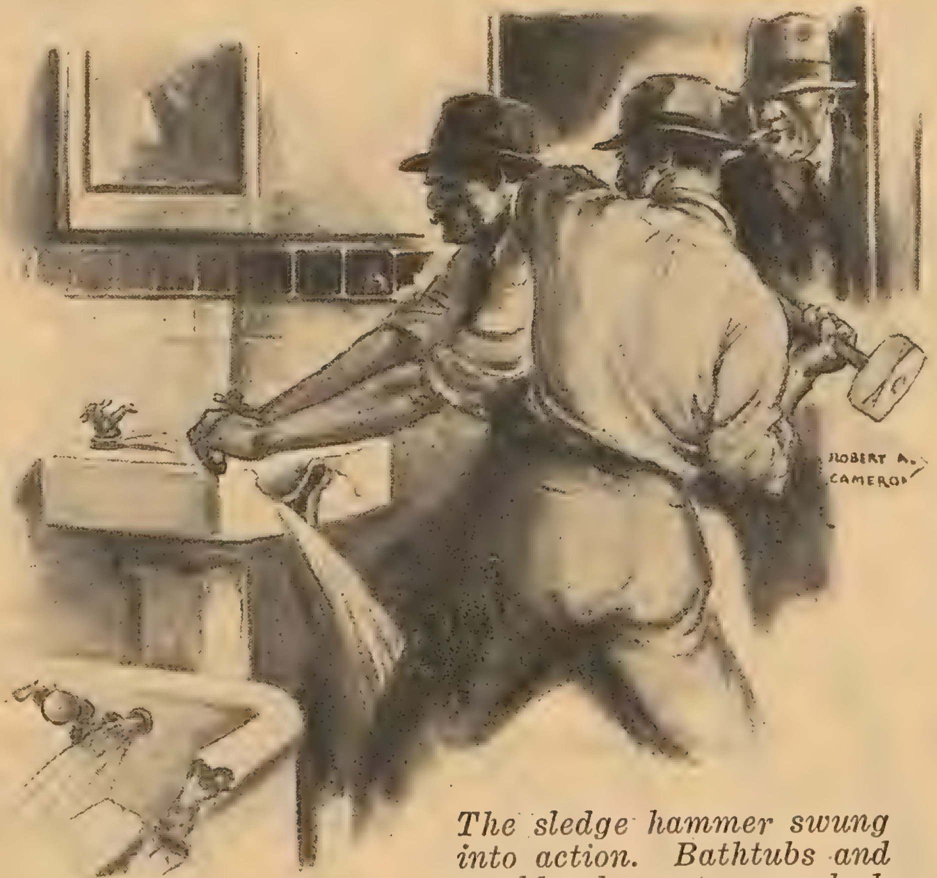
Presently this epidemic died out. The police went on, with decreasing enthusiasm, looking for the incendiary. They found nothing. And at this point the average public prosecutor would probably have filed these cases away among the unsolved crimes and let it go at that. However, District Attorney C. B. McLaughlin of the Bronx is not average. McLaughlin had on his staff Daniel Foley, a capable and ambitious young assistant—vital, energetic, endowed with the Irish talent for a fight. Into Foley's hands McLaughlin put the job of finding out what was

THE BLACKJACK OF EXTORTION
Continued from page twenty-three

the matter with the plastering business in the Bronx.

By rumor and report, by admissions which could not be proved in court, Foley established his picture. Then one night he raided the collective offices of the Bronx Plasterers' Information Bureau and the individual offices of its regular subscribers, seized all the books and documents, carted them to headquarters. A chartered accountant rooted out from them Foley's first piece of actual proof. However they varied in other details, they had one common factor: Five per cent of the gross receipts vanished somewhere along the line. No record, even of check stubs. This must represent velvet for someone. And it was being paid in currency. Using this fact as a fulcrum, Foley pried the lid off from the following system:

The Bronx Plasterers' Information Bureau seemed to be the creation of Antonio Montforte, its president and directing intelligence. Its members or subscribers were virtually all southern Europeans who had invaded the Bronx when the great building expansion began. Montforte had gathered them or forced them into a ring. The symbol of membership was subscription to his Information Bureau, which existed—ostensibly—solely to fix the prices of all jobs. He started at once to drive away from the big contracts the old, established plasterers of the Bronx.



The sledge hammer swung into action. Bathtubs and washbowls were smashed, water was left running.

Early in his invasion of the Bronx, Montforte united forces with Michael McClusky, crooked labor leader, who had by some means gained control of the local plasterers' union. He held the labor situation in the hollow of his hand. The independents as well as the regulars employed only union labor. In the tick of a watch McClusky could and would call a strike to enforce Montforte's decrees. That method seems mild and Christian compared to some others which flourished on the fringes of this racket, and for which Montforte and McClusky were never proved responsible. But it served as Montforte's most useful tool.

Let us follow to its end the history of a typical large contract. Bidding competitively and perhaps against an independent firm, a member of the ring would get a contract to lath and plaster a block of large new apartment houses for—say—$120,000. That was a fair and profitable price—just about what an honest contractor would charge in the neighboring borough of Queens, where plastering knew not the racket. By old local custom, New York plasterers always sublet the lathing contract. And when the laths were in place and the building stood almost ready for its final processes, enter the Information Bureau with a tardy estimate on the value of the job.

THIS bureau, the mainspring of the machine, never functioned at the period when the plasterer signed his contract, but waited until the vital circumstance of time had the building contractor hog-tied. Then it gave a brief, imperative decision. The sanctioned price for that job was not $120,000, as nominated in the bond, but $160,000. Let us figure a little way with the Information Bureau. Its fee—always paid in currency, never recorded in any books—was five per cent of the estimate; in this case $8,000. That served as Montforte's private graft, or perhaps Montforte's and McClusky's. What about the remaining $32,000? It was a tool by which the contractor

for himself. Few contractors would have stayed in the ring if Montforte and McClusky got it all.

Baldly, he would announce to the builder this rise in price. Of course the victim squirmed, raved, called it a holdup. But what could he do? The deadline was approaching—October first or May first—when he must fill his house with tenants or go broke. McClusky need but lift a finger and the plasterers would strike. What then? Call the police? They could not make men go to work. Sue? Before the case even came into court the deadline would be past. Repudiate the contract and get another man? Perhaps unjustly, this racket had so dark and sinister a reputation that no outside contractor would dare put a trowel to the job.

When the builder had realized all this, and while the naked laths still awaited their covering, the plastering contractor would propose a compromise—a secret agreement, undercutting the bureau price.

SO they would get together on a sum between $135,000 and $140,000—for Montforte $8,000, for the contractor from $7,000 to $12,000, of sheer velvet. Sometimes when the builder was timid or yielding, and the plastering contractor especially firm or persuasive, the disparity between the fair initial price and the racket price was even greater than that. On the other hand, a few members, caught in the Montforte web and unable to escape, let the builder off with the bureau fee; or else collected only the fair price of the contract, paid the fee themselves, and stood the loss.

All this Foley knew before he could begin to prove it. The terror of this racket hung like a black cloud over the Bronx. The system reached—said rumor—into the underworld; it could command shooting as well as strikes. No one ever proved this. It may have been coincidence that a labor leader named Smith, who rose up in a meeting to denounce the Bronx plastering system, had his head literally blown off with shotgun slugs at the very door of the hall. At about the same time an independent contractor was kicked and bludgeoned to death by parties unknown. Here again some other complication in the victim's life may have furnished the motive for the killing. The important point is that the Bronx made the connection in its own mind; that no one wanted to lay information against this racket. Independents whom it was putting out of business protested to the authorities that they knew nothing whatever about it; or, driven into a corner, begged to be spared the ordeal before the Grand Jury. "I'll be taken for a ride—sure!" they would say.

Not only terror clogged the wheels of justice, but pessimism. No one except Foley and his chief believed that he could ever get convictions. The racketeers, said the rest of the world, were too strongly intrenched—even in politics. And, indeed, persons of astonishingly high position advised the authorities to drop this useless investigation. Also there were threats, open or anonymous . . . McLaughlin and Foley went full steam ahead.

They got their break at last. Lyons and Murphy, independent contractors, came through with complete testimony on a typical transaction. They had taken a job at the fair contract price of $12,000. When the subcontractors had the laths in place, the plasterers struck. Knowing their way about, Lyons and Murphy went to Montforte, received his ultimatum. The Information

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Not one of the many original Kotex features has been sacrificed to attain this new-day result. It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—absorbent. It is treated to deodorize; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability—originated by Kotex—is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Today—American women use more than twice as much Kotex as they do all other sanitary pads combined. More than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

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THE BLACKJACK OF EXTORTION
Continued from page twenty-four

Bureau had estimated that job. It was worth $16,000, said Montforte. When Lyons and Murphy got this sum out of their builder, when, further, they paid him $800 as the bureau fee, the men would go back to work—and not before. The contractors pretended at least that they had succeeded in raising the bid, and returned to Montforte with a check for $800. "No checks—bring me bills," said Montforte. Lyons and Murphy cashed the check, returned with currency. Montforte summoned a subordinate; by him sent the word, "Call off the strike," to McClusky. Murphy trailed along with the messenger, heard the order given. The next morning the men were all at work. This exceptionally strong chain of proof held through the Grand Jury investigation, through a trial where, as one observer put it, "the corridors ran money." Montforte went to Sing Sing Prison for fifteen years, McClusky for five years. And Foley, the big, vital Irish American who had never known serious illness before, retired for some weeks to recover from a general breakdown.

Yet, oddly, neither McLaughlin's investigators nor the city detectives ever ran down the series of crimes which brought this plasterers' racket to light. The arson cases remained as much a mystery as on the day when the first apartment houses went up in smoke. The victims were mostly members of the plasterers' ring and very "regular." It was not discipline, then. No other racketeers, so far as the police can learn, were trying to muscle in. Various circumstances, character among them, preclude the theory that some independent contractor was using this method of fighting back. "Follow any theory —I've followed a hundred," says Foley —"and you run against a brick wall." Somewhere in the machinery of this racket, probably, lay sinister and hidden complications.

THE plumbers' racket in Detroit, for which twenty-one men now stand under indictment, illustrates one point important to this inquiry. A subsidiary union, working under closed-shop conditions, always helps the racketeer, provided he controls its business agents. But the union is not necessary to success. Ingenuity can find other ways. Detroit is an open-shop town; and I here register my opinion that it has suffered at least as much from these organized rackets—as distinguished from the frankly criminal, fly-by-night rackets—as its closed-shop neighbor, Cleveland. In the Detroit plumbers' racket, labor was not a partner—probably was not even consulted.

Since the indictments in this typical case have not yet stood the test of trial, I shall name no names. But at some time in 1930 an association of master plumbers which until then had moved languidly and innocuously, experienced an infusion of new blood and sprang to sudden activity. A majority of the trade joined it, and usually with worthy and innocent motives. The pinch of hard times had begun. Detroit was for the time erecting no more skyscrapers. The contracting plumbers were reduced to small work on dwelling houses. In the flush times preceding the collapse of 1929 ambitious workmen by the dozen had set up for themselves. Some of them had more ambition than ability and technique; they cut profits very thin, or did inferior work. This seemed the time for all good plumbers to unite for the good of the craft. And, indeed, the association began with high-minded and even highbrow proceedings — blackboard talks, illustrating the fine points of a good job.

THE lectures passed on to discussion of current prices. They were all too low, the speakers declared; this the audience readily believed. Thereupon the association adopted prices which averaged twenty to twenty-five per cent higher than those prevailing even in good times, and pledged the members to abide by these schedules on penalty of fine and expulsion. Further, it divided the city into three or four zones. In making contracts, each member must keep to his own zone.

The independents rather liked this raise in association prices. They could underbid and still make money. Enough of them held out to render the operation precarious; and sabotage began. It is impossible as yet to fix responsibility for the destruction of property which followed. But an automobile, driving swiftly by night past the shop of a holdout plumber, would volley forth a shower of nuts and bolts against the windows. The time arrived when the insurance companies refused to take a risk on a plumber's plate glass. Next the sledge hammer swung into action. Some morning an independent who was just finishing his job on a new house would find the bathtubs, the toilets, and the washbasins smashed, the water running full head through cut and twisted pipes.

Prosecutor Harry S. Toy of Detroit had long known about this situation; was trying to dispel the thick clouds which always hang about a racket. A dramatic event gave Toy excuse for drastic action. A victim, whom we will designate here as Mr. Smith, made an affidavit which a Detroit newspaper secured and published, carefully deleting the names. It went far to convince the Grand Jury.

Smith joined the association early; accepted its rules. He must operate only in Zone III, where stood his shop. Now it happened that a building contractor with whom he had long done business was putting up ten one-family houses in Zone I. He wanted no plumber but Smith, of whose ability, honesty, and reliability he held high opinion. In these circumstances Smith felt morally justified in violating the rules. He accepted the contract for $1,285 a house—the association scale.

Almost immediately two men came to see him. He had broken faith, they said. If he wanted to remain in good standing with his associates, he must begin by raising the price to $1,350 a house. Smith squirmed and protested; but in the end he asked the building contractor to accept the new price. Preferring Smith to some plumber whose work he did not know, the contractor consented. Next, a telephone call. This violation of rules would cost him just $200 a house; or $2,000 in all. He agreed to pay; it would seem, however, that he had some hope of beating the game by delay. A lull until the work stood almost finished, then another telephone call. Was he going to come through with that $2,000? Smith protested that he could not pay just then: he was short of ready cash.

THAT night the pipes, fixtures, bathtubs, and toilets in five of these houses were transformed into junk. Another telephone call. Would he pay now? He had reached a stubborn mood: he refused again. A night or so later someone smashed the plumbing job in the other five houses. . . . I repeat that the courts have not fixed the responsibility for these acts. The men who smashed Smith's plumbing, who figured in all the curious transaction I have described, may have been irresponsible free lances. But the circumstantial evidence remains—piles of grotesquely broken bathtubs, washbowls, and kitchen sinks on the Detroit city dumps.

Jumping from the building industry to the service trades, the garage racket in Chicago shows an instructive variation. Here, as often elsewhere, corrupt city authorities had a hand in the game and probably in the sack.

The garage business in Chicago had become overcrowded. Enterprising young mechanics, often only half instructed in their trade, were setting up new establishments everywhere. The established, important proprietors had long felt the urge to organize for mutual protection; but differences over the question of union labor kept them apart. At last they got together, rather mysteriously, in the Midwest Garage Owners' Association.

So far as one can see through the obscurities surrounding this transaction, they had legal and laudable aims. And no investigator has as yet linked the association with a band of small-time hoodlums who for a time ruled this business, collecting from both the owners and public. But suddenly prices for storing cars, for repairs, for every service which a garage performs, went sky-high. So also did dues from the garage owners, and sudden extortionate demands for "defense funds." A "discipline commit-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE BLACKJACK OF EXTORTION
Continued from page twenty-seven

tee" of seasoned thugs saw that garage employees joined the union. The same committee, or its brother-in-violence, began to damage cars belonging to the independents or stored in their garages.

When by these means the racketeers had driven most garage owners, willy-nilly, into the association, they hatched a brilliant idea for stimulating trade. Shoppers and business people from the suburbs were parking on curbs if their stop was brief; or, in case of a longer stay, in the familiar out-of-doors parking places. If the association could force everyone who left a car in Chicago to patronize a garage, business would blossom like the rose; moreover, they could raise the price for storing a car from one dollar a day to two dollars and perhaps three. Opportunity seemed unlimited. Thereafter a citizen used a public parking place at his peril. An "ice-pick squad" was abroad, punching holes in tires or even damaging engines.

This happened in the merry days of May or Thompson, when the city government had gone almost comically corrupt. The ice-pick squad worked boldly. Night, of course, was the best time. But they operated also in broad daylight. And it did no good, the indignant park keepers found, to call the police. The few ice-pick artists who reached the sergeant's desk evaded justice when their cases came into court.

UNTIL this sabotage reached its climax the police had enforced very sketchily the city ordinances about parking against the curb; but now they became absolutely conscientious in performance of their civic duty. Let a car stay parked for a minute over its allotted time, and away it went to the pound. Besides his fine, the owner must pay a towing fee. And few cars so impounded returned undamaged. It seemed as though some of the police had gone so mad with civic righteousness that they could not restrain themselves in presence of cars which had broken the law.

Yes, the garage racket was working well—all too well. Just when its masters seemed about to own the earth, the earth dropped from under their feet.

These racketeers, as I have said, were small-timers. "Big shots," operating under shadow of the towering Capone, took notice of this fertile field. Somewhere in this new group operated "Red" Barker, Chicago's Public Enemy Number Two. They started to muscle in. One night parties officially unknown stopped the automobile of "Cockeye Mulligan," a gentleman very active on the fringe of the Midwest Garage Owners' Association. They left him for dead in a vacant lot. He recovered his health; but this bungled job achieved its purpose. "Cockeye" lost all interest in the garage business. About this time the association seems to have vanished from the scene. The usurpers who had taken affairs over needed it no longer.

They scorned such dainty weapons as ice picks. Shortly a committee visited Pratt's Garage. Patrolman Hoder, honest and conscientious, started to arrest them. They shot him. He didn't die, but it looked for days as though he might. A Negro employee named Brown had witnessed this shooting. And while Hoder lay between life and death, Brown, sweeping out the garage, found himself in the midst of a shower of bullets. He jumped, ducked, and escaped, miraculously unscratched; but the volley caught Pratt, who was working under a car, killing him instantly.

There were arrests; and, as usual, no convictions. But these events turned the spotlight upon the garage racket. Also publicity gave courage to the bona fide garage owners. This racket slowly died. By 1930, tires in the public parks were once more safe from the ice pick.

I HAVE selected these three instances from three different American cities because they illustrate salient points. Were they exceptional, they would stand only as interesting police stories. But they are not exceptional. I could cite scores of others from cities in the East, the Middle West, and the Pacific coast. Moreover, these are the ones which have happened to come to light.

Hundreds have avoided such pitfalls. They are going yet; some of them without attracting more than mild suspicion.

Probably there is not a process of building but takes tax through organized rackets in some city or other in this country. Most of us urban dwellers pay them painless tribute in our rents.

As for rackets in the service trades—well, the coal which warms our houses, the meat and fish and bread and vegetables which supply our tables, the milk which rears our children, the organized and mechanized processes which keep our bodies and our clothing clean—these, in one American city or another, add to their retail price a racket tax. Worst of all, the hand of the racketeer lies heaviest upon necessities; the poor, in proportion to their resources, pay more heavily than the rich.

And according to the experts, guessing their way through this obscure subject, the most costly belong to this same Type Two—the organization for mutual protection which edges constantly toward the verge of criminality. Usually it ends with no special profit either to the capital or the labor of the trade; has served only to keep in vulgar luxury a set of weasels and gorillas.

In next week's Liberty Mr. Irwin will discuss the frankly criminal racket, usually the creation of a gangster with a head for business who sees an opportunity for extortion and blackmail. This is the racket made familiar by newspapers and films.

The Only Way

A Short Short Story

By DAY EDGAR

(Reading time: 5 min. 43 sec.)

JUST before the excitement began I was sitting in Mr. Pascal's study. Through the windows I could see the dusk gathering in the sunken gardens—a spectacle I was quietly enjoying when angry voices came from the hall.

“ I said you can't! ” Mr. Pascal snapped.

“ But why? ” asked Miss Wilma. “ Howard came and asked you like a man, didn't he? ”

“ I ain't going to argue about it,” her father replied. “ I say no, and that settles it.”

“ It does? ” said Miss Wilma. “ We'll see.”

“ Now look here! ” Mr. Pascal shouted. “ You two try any funny business and you'll pay your own way. I told him in plain English he ain't going to live on my money.”

I heard Miss Wilma run upstairs, and a minute later Mr. Pascal came into the study. His powerful face wore an expression that would have daunted most people, but my many years as his confidential secretary had made me utterly fearless of the man.

“ Mr. Pascal,” I began, “ apparently you forget—”

“ None of your efficiency,” he interrupted me brusquely.

I waited while he took a large cigar from the humidor. He struck a match and puffed violently. At this opportunity I started to speak, but he raised an imperious hand.

“ I can handle it,” he said, walking away.

This I doubted, particularly when Miss Wilma did not join her father and me at dinner. Afterward I returned to the study. From here, unseen myself, I commanded a view of the wide hall, and presently saw Miss Wilma coming cautiously down the stairs, a suitcase in hand. I went to the window and watched her shadowy figure emerge upon the driveway. She hid the suitcase in a clump of boxwood and came back to the house.

The situation, I realized, called for decisive action; so I promptly slipped outside and searched in the dark until I found the suitcase. At that moment headlights came swinging up the drive. As I started for the house I saw Miss Wilma appear in the doorway. Consequently I crouched behind my own modest coupé, parked near the garage, while the incoming runabout stopped and Miss Wilma hurried toward it.

“ All ready, Wilma? ” asked Howard Tragg.

“ Yes; soon as I get my bag.”

Motionless I watched them grope around one dark bush after another. And then, as the search drew them farther away, an audacious plan flashed through my mind.

I stole over to Tragg's car. Silently I raised the hood. With one jerk I detached the wires from the distributor. Hastily retreating with the suitcase, I reached the house by a circuitous route, found Mr. Pascal shaving, and—with some pride for my efficient strategy—told him the news.

“ Eloping? ” he said, grabbing a towel. “ They gone yet? ”

“ They're trapped,” I said, and then explained how I had secretly crippled Tragg's runabout. My explanation was interrupted by the roar of a motor from below. We ran to the window just in time to catch a rear view of my coupé.

I sped downstairs and leaped for the telephone. To the police at Willistown, our local Gretna Green, I gave the license number of the stolen coupé and told them the thief was heading in their direction.

“ Have every man on the lookout,” I ordered tersely. “ There's a liberal reward offered.”

A step sounded overhead and Mr. Pascal, buttoning his vest, looked down from the balcony.

“ I've notified the police! ” I cried.

“ You did? ”

He came running down the stairs and led the way out to Tragg's car, where I reconnected the distributor wires. We jumped in and away we flew, Mr. Pascal at the wheel.

Recklessly he increased the speed, and we finally roared into the outskirts of sleepy Willistown. Here, after cruising up one street and down the next, we located my coupé. It was parked in front of a neat suburban church.

“ Drive it out of sight,” Mr. Pascal ordered.

I drove it down the block, rounded the corner, and stopped under an arc light, safely out of view of the church. Eager to rejoin Mr. Pascal, I jumped to the sidewalk—and a large policeman threw his arms around my neck.

“ No hurry, buddy,” he said. “ You stay here.”

Naturally, I resisted. In the struggle my glasses fell off and the lout stepped on them.

“ There's a lib'ral reward,” he said happily, “ and I need the money! ”

Instantly I whipped out my owner's card, but nothing could alter the policeman's resolve to take me off to jail. He practically threw me into my coupé. I was refusing to unlock the car when Mr. Pascal suddenly appeared.

Thus abetted, I soon convinced the policeman of his error. He got out of the car and Mr. Pascal got in. Rapidly I drove around to the front of the church.

“ Where did you park it? ” I asked.

“ Right there,” said Mr. Pascal, pointing.

The elopers, I realized in a flash, had snatched the runabout while we were disputing with the policeman. Then, on a hilltop road far away, I spied a red tail-light.

“ There they go! ” I cried. “ Shall I trail them? ”

“ They're married now,” Mr. Pascal objected. “ Drive home. I've had enough efficiency for one night.”

I RESENTED this. I was about to protest when suddenly a brilliant thought occurred to me.

“ Mr. Pascal,” I asked, “ young Tragg realized he wouldn't gain one dollar by this? ”

“ He was told so often enough.”

“ And yet,” I said significantly, “ your threats did not frighten him away.”

“ Any man that can be scared away,” said Mr. Pascal, “ has no business getting married.”

“ But consider the financial aspect,” I insisted. “ Doesn't Tragg's defiance suggest something to you? ”

“ It suggests he wanted my kid—not a meal ticket.”

“ Exactly, exactly! ” I approved. “ Don't you see? By stubbornly opposing the match, you blundered into an infallible way—the *only* way—of making sure he wasn't after money! ”

Mr. Pascal, turning, looked at me speculatively, after which he resumed his silent scrutiny of the lighted road ahead. And then, with a deep sigh, he made a remark which was both unexpected and humiliating.

“ If you'd figured that out sooner,” he said, “ I wouldn't have had to hustle like hell all evening to keep you from blocking the marriage! ”

THE END

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

We Moderns

A Reminder to Womanhood of a Forgotten Magic Password to Happiness

By ROSITA FORBES

(Reading time: 8 minutes 55 seconds.)

MEN have always preferred the woman who says "No," and they will continue to do so as long as there is a flicker of hunting instinct left in them.

The woman of today is too accessible. She is out to be man's equal in frankness, in friendliness, and in adaptability. She wants to make things easy all round, with the natural results that she makes them too easy. Of all modern products she is the most obtainable, for she has forgotten how to say "No."

Modern young women meet life more than halfway, with the result that they're bored before they're twenty-five, and after that they daren't say "No" for fear of missing the elusive something for which they are always searching. They are at the mercy of their idol, the telephone. On it they can be invited out to dinner at a moment's notice, jilted, proposed to, or booked for a shoot in East Africa! Doubtless in time they will be married by means of the same complacent instrument.

It was so much easier to say "No" when one could watch the effect of the negative, but there is no great thrill in hearing the click of a receiver replaced.

A difficult woman has it all her own way today. While the rest of her sex are making everything easier and easier for the questing male, she offers him the excitement of a hunt.

True, there is a type of emasculate being today who prefers embroidery to the chase. To such as these a feminine negative would offer no excitement; for they are too skeptical to do more than accept what is offered, or what tumbles into their sensitive, pliant hands.

But the great mass of mankind is still out to get the best, and the best is always the most difficult. That is why the average girl nowadays has no chance against a stock-exchange deal. The issue of the latter is doubtful, whereas nothing can be more certain than that the girl will dine and dance, and be kissed in the taxi going home.

No wonder hunting fields are growing larger and big-game shooting more popular! Man must have some sort of sport, and he doesn't care how far he goes to get it.

American women are out to try everything once, and this experimental eagerness is affecting their point of view with regard to every facet of life. Few mothers say "No" to their children, with the result that the next generation is liable to be even more undisciplined than our own.

We have lost the power of deliberate choice, whether it be of a career, a lover, or merely the method of spending an evening. The herd instinct has got hold of us, and, mass-driven, we do everything like everyone else, afraid only of being less adaptable and less acceptable.

How much wiser is the Latin woman! She is intrenched within the citadel of her own femininity, and that stronghold is only surrendered to an overwhelming attack. For years of her life she says "No," and is completely indifferent to the consequences because she knows her own value to the last decimal fraction. When she says "Yes" she means it. There is no implication of "perhaps" or "in part" or "temporarily."

The woman who won't can do what she likes with life and with men. Every one of us covets the thing denied to us; but this instinct is stronger in the predatory sex.

Modern Eve denies man the right to protect or support her, and she is well on the way to refusing him the privilege of winning her.

We pride ourselves on our lack of emotion and are determined to keep everything in our own control. We've been called the lost generation because we've never found our feet after the war. We *are* the doubting generation because we have opinions instead of convictions. But more than either of these labels we deserve that of "fearful." We are a generation impregnated with the fear of living. We are desperately afraid of being bored, of being conventional, of being dull or inconspicuous or ordinary, of being simple, of believing in anything at all.

Patriotism is out of date. A husband is someone who pays the bills. Happiness is a compound of noise, alcohol, and license. Home is the number on a latchkey to be used as seldom as possible. Love is a blend of screen sentimentality and too intimate a knowledge of the glandular functions. Marriage just happens, and it means little more than the other incidents of an overcrowded existence.

We are so terribly afraid of all the things that don't matter—of growing old; of losing touch; of missing anything, however immaterial; and, above all, of saying "No."

SOME day, I suppose, a perfectly ordinary woman will start saying it. Then there will be written a new rhyme—about the superwoman who enchanted and intrigued mankind by persistently saying "No."

She would end up, of course, as President in Washington. But what a wonderful time she would have first!

Fifty years ago women were dependent on men not only for protection but for their very means of existence. A man took the blame for the actions of his wife and daughters as for those of his other dependents, because he was supposed to be responsible for the state of their minds as well as the condition of their bodies. He kept them according to his wage-earning power, and they gave him obedience in return.

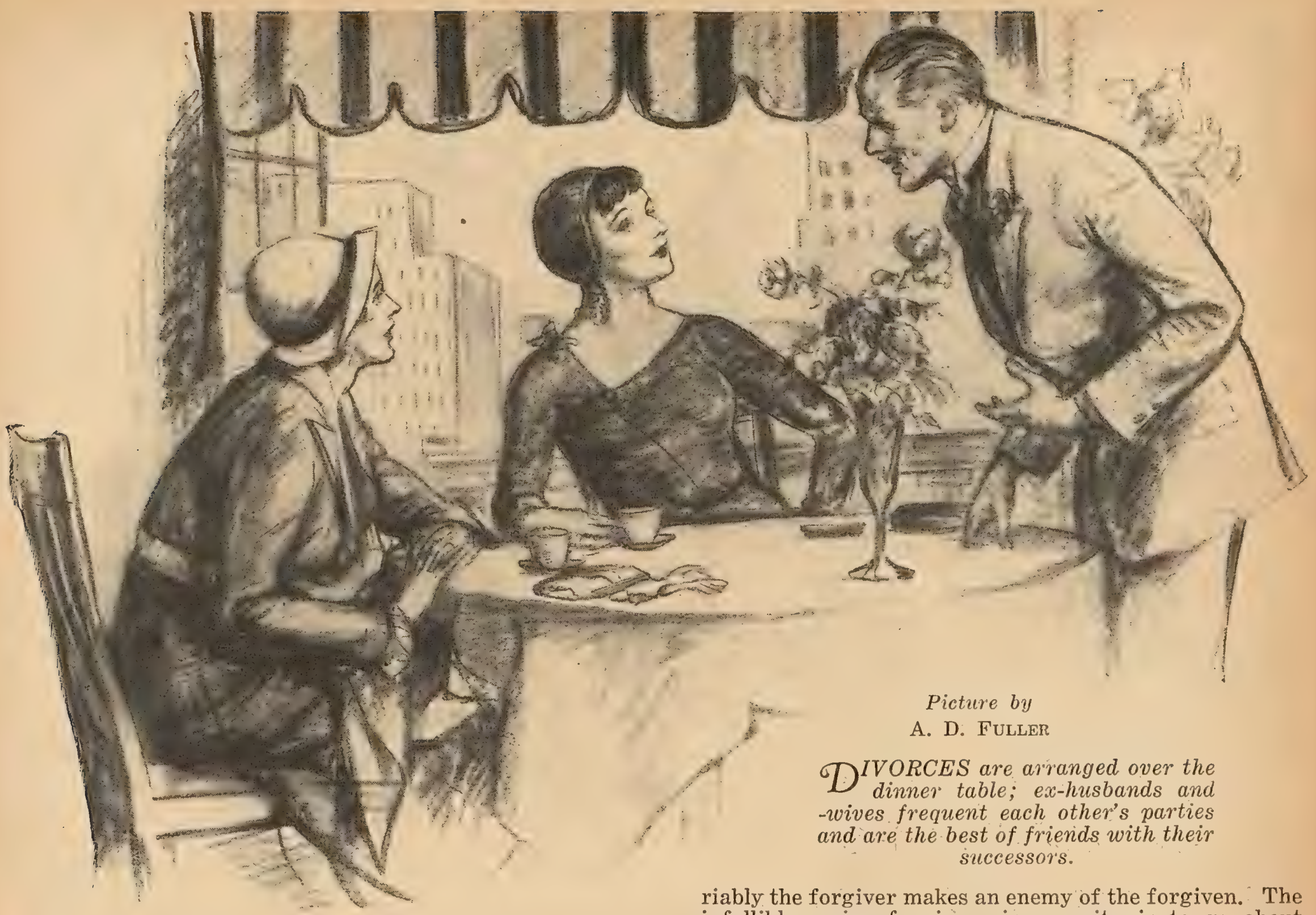
But today it is very often easier for a girl to get a job than for a man. Why, then, should she be able to claim breach of promises, damages, alimony, and all the rest of it from her rival in the lists of business?

Of course there are many cases in which a woman is entitled to all the support she can get from a faithless husband. But why should the childless wife in her twenties, who has an equal chance in the labor market with the husband she divorces just because she wants a change, be able to claim maintenance from him?

Are girls so much less intelligent than the lads to whom they become engaged that they must be protected from the consequences of their own actions by breach-of-promise cases?

The worst wrong—perhaps the only real wrong—a man can do a woman is to marry her because he hasn't the courage to tell her he's changed his mind.

"Equality" is all stuff and nonsense. Two different sexes with divergent and sometimes opposing functions cannot possibly be equal. But how can friendship or mutual respect or a generous comprehension exist while women take advantage of old-time laws enacted to protect their ignorance and helplessness? Breach of promise is as ridiculously out of date as the Massachusetts



Picture by
A. D. Fuller

DIVORCES are arranged over the dinner table; ex-husbands and -wives frequent each other's parties and are the best of friends with their successors.

Blue Law which enjoins on a no longer Puritan population that a man may not kiss his wife on Sundays!

Equally disgraceful is the suggestion that if a wife runs away her lover can be forced to recompense her husband in hard cash.

Let's have done with all this bargaining between man and woman. In 1932 both are potentially self-supporting. Neither belongs exclusively to the other until death do them part, because it is utterly impossible to make a monopoly of mind and spirit.

Nowadays every able-bodied individual has got to work, and nobody can logically be responsible for the support of any other adult except for definite services rendered. This exception covers the case of wives who pull their own weight and more in the homes which they make and maintain.

But women have talked a great deal about "standing on their own feet." Let them do it! I'm all for it, provided they don't ask some man to pay for the ground they stand on!

I SHOULD like to see women as decent about shouldering the responsibility for their failures as they are about all the difficulties placed in the way of their success.

There should be no more disgrace in divorce than there is in the dissolution of any other contract, provided neither partner attempts, sentimentally or financially, to exploit the other. But our divorce laws are the only ones which appear to have been especially enacted not only to encourage but *to enforce* sin.

Every judge on the bench is determined that somebody shall sin, not only in appearance but in fact, before that somebody can be freed from the exclusive rights vested in another.

It is all hopelessly illogical. At least let the one who is to benefit the more take the blame. Why should the man always do it? Why should he support and maintain and shield a woman who has no further use for him?

It is far harder to be forgiven than to forgive. Invariably the forgiver makes an enemy of the forgiven. The infallible recipe for incurring enmity is to go about actively and obviously forgiving people.

Fortunately (?) nothing matters very much to the present generation. They are wise enough not to make a business of forgiving, for the simple reason that they are never able to make up their minds about the quality of the wrong done to them.

They forgive and forget because life is so full that they haven't time to worry about the rights and wrongs of yesterday's problems. Tomorrow is sure to offer something equally exciting, and harboring a grudge is bad for the nerves and the complexion.

It is very difficult to wrong the typical modern, for he prides himself on such excessive tolerance that he would not notice that he was being wronged.

Consequently, in spite of lords spiritual and judicial, divorces are arranged over the dinner table; ex-husbands and -wives frequent each other's parties and are the best of friends with their successors.

Here is one side of the modern world, with forgiveness a habit because it is less trouble than anything else, and forgetfulness unnecessary because memories are too short and too full to retain anything but the day's business or the day's pleasure.

There is another side, a relic of sterner and more censorious days. The older one gets the harder it must be to forgive, because life is inevitably narrowing. If we have managed to preserve an illusion through several decades, it must be almost impossible to forgive the man or woman who destroys it.

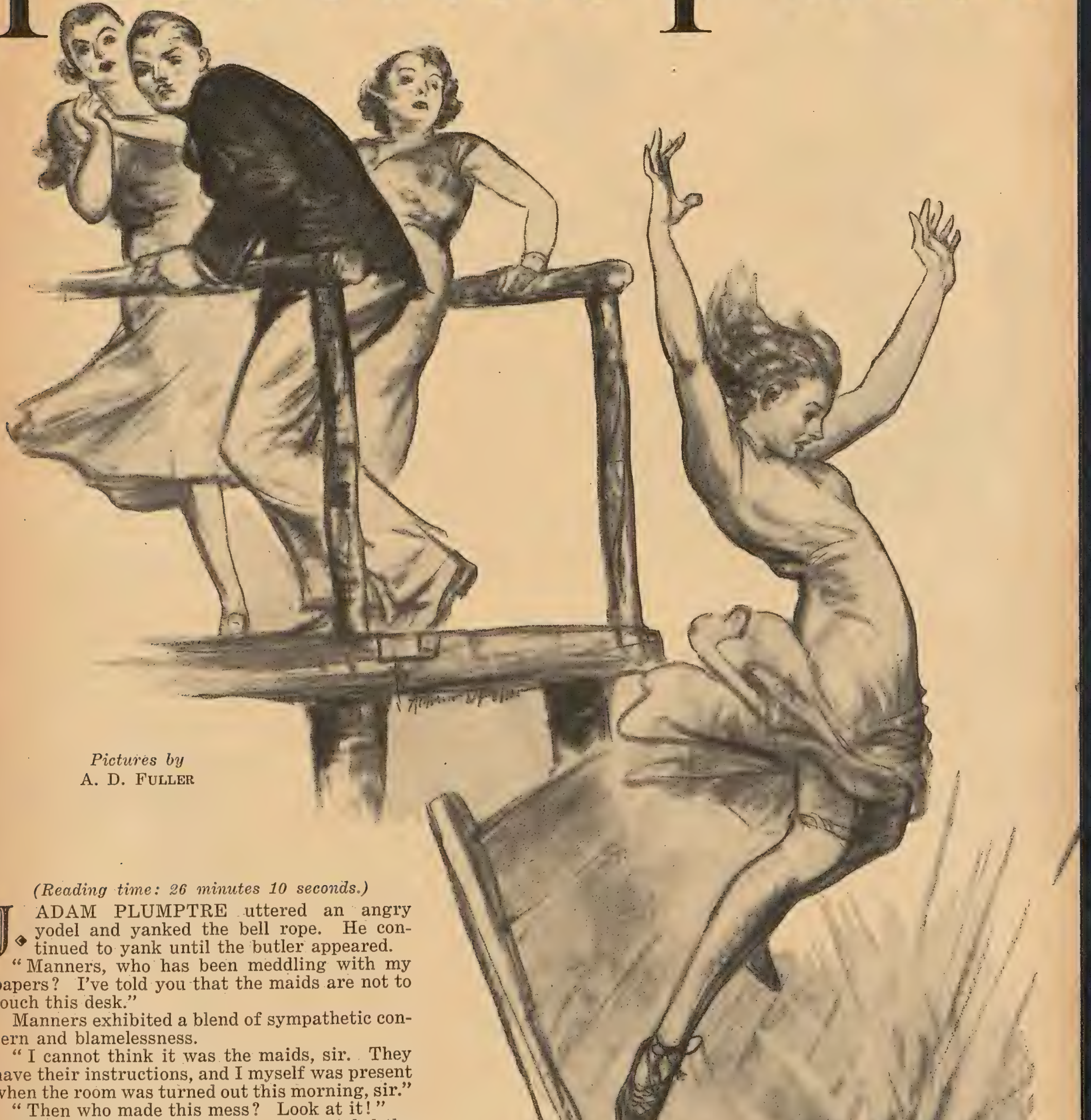
We used to think that youth was intolerant and that old age was capable of excusing even where it did not understand. But this is not true today.

In politics, in business, in criticism, art, and literature, it is the old who are finding it hard to forgive and impossible to understand the experiments of the young.

It seems to me that any man or woman who does not take for granted the daily necessity for forgiveness is not very likely to make a success of modern life.

THE END

FATHER POIN



Pictures by
A. D. FULLER

(Reading time: 26 minutes 10 seconds.)

J. ADAM PLUMPTRE uttered an angry yodel and yanked the bell rope. He continued to yank until the butler appeared.

"Manners, who has been meddling with my papers? I've told you that the maids are not to touch this desk."

Manners exhibited a blend of sympathetic concern and blamelessness.

"I cannot think it was the maids, sir. They have their instructions, and I myself was present when the room was turned out this morning, sir."

"Then who made this mess? Look at it!"

Manners coughed delicately and regarded the ceiling. "Well, sir, I did happen to see Miss Nita and Mr. Foulkes go in here last night in search of pencils for some game they were playing."

Mr. Plumptre sat down and began grumpily to tidy up. He was a patient little man, but he did hate having his papers mussed.

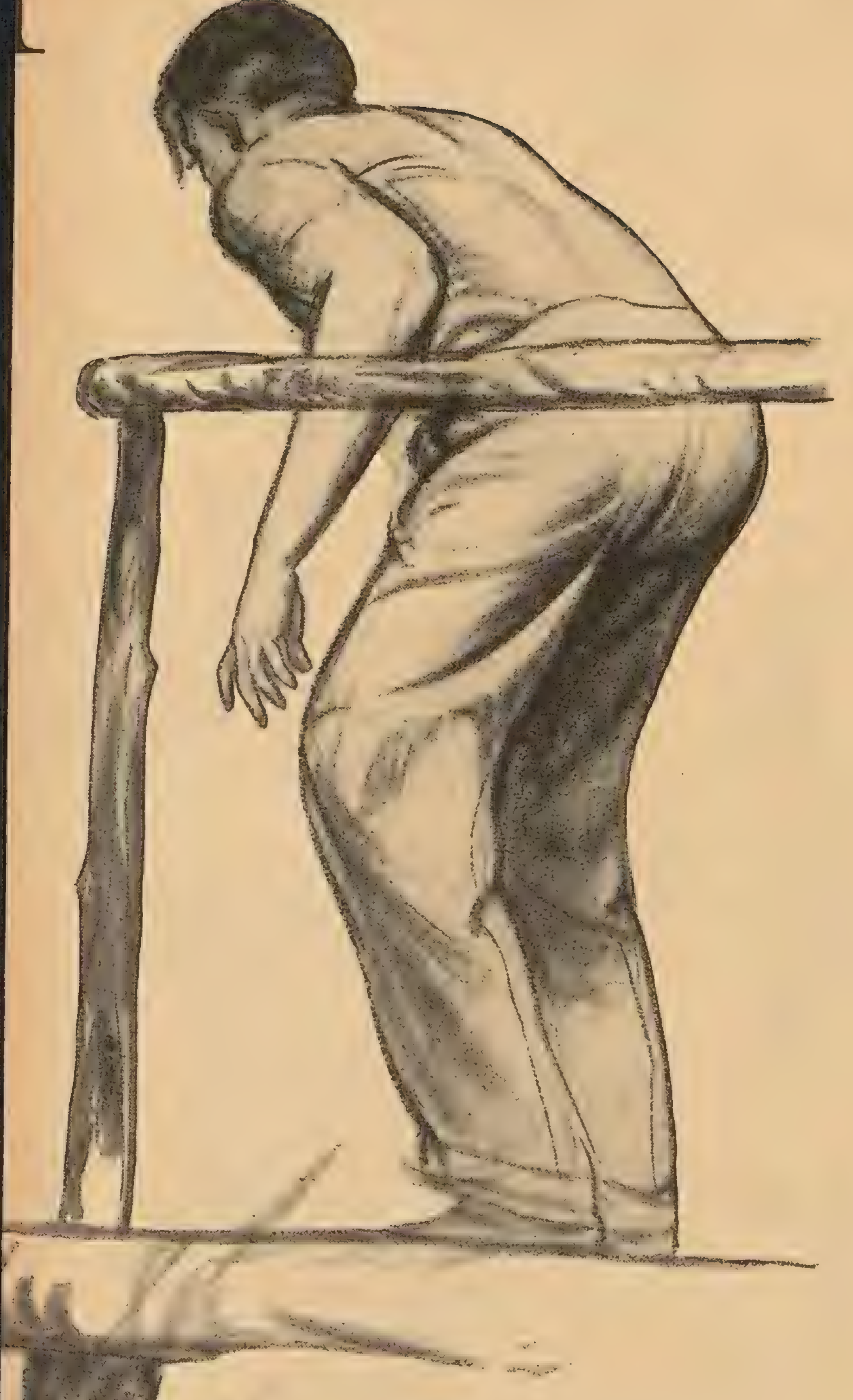
"It was them, I suppose. Sorry I blamed the staff, Manners. It's a funny thing—if anyone in this house wants anything, from a pencil to a light workout, they come in here for it. Yesterday I found a young squirt standing on his head behind that settee. Said he was looking for a golf ball. He found it, too—he had just driven in through the window. I may be getting old, Manners, but I find it hard to concentrate wit that sort of thing going on."

"Perhaps if you had a little cottage in the grounds, sir—" suggested Manners helpfully.

The Taming of a Shrewd Young Woman Who Got What She Wanted

By

D. K. FINDLAY



WITH a shriek and a splash, Nita shot downward into six feet of cold salt water.

“With barbed wire and poison ivy around it. Yes, I might get a little peace then,” said Mr. Plumptre the optimist.

To the casual observer spying out the sweep of roof and gable above the tree ops, it would have seemed that Saltair would have housed a egiment, and that with a privacy bordering upon loneliness. But Mrs. J. Adam Plumptre was an ardent hostess. She was ever happy until her household was swollen to the point of urbulence. In this she was ably assisted by her daughter Nita, whose verve, beauty—and, it must be added, prospects —drew the youth of four countries in a well dressed stream. During the summer season the great house hummed like a isturbed beehive.

When Mr. Plumptre became its owner he had seized for his wn a little den off the main hall. Its position made it a convenient place for discarded sweaters, tennis rackets, and other paraphernalia of the young. In the evening it was a cozy spot o sit out dances. Mr. Plumptre led a disturbed existence there for a week and then he ran up a wing of his own. It was a gracious apartment, library and study combined, with buff walls and a vaulted ceiling. It was perhaps unfortunate that the window which filled one end immediately became celebrated as a replica of the famous window at Ely. Daily, exclamatory groups formed before its splendor, while Mr. Plumptre smiled dutiful smile in the background and privately kicked the legs of his desk. J. Adam Plumptre had technically retired. He had begun by making this world a pleasanter place to live in by improving the inner works of combustion engines. Later he had turned his inquiring mind to other men's problems to such purpose that he had to ask a secretary to learn how many corporations he controlled. He would have continued in his abstracted way to amass more millions had not his own inner works faltered one day, and a great specialist and Mrs. Plumptre amputated him from business. Complete rest and change, they decreed. Mrs. Plumptre carried him off to Saltair.

He was like a terrier who has been forcibly restrained from digging in one spot. He found other places needing his attention. He observed that there was a great deal of trouble in the world that his money could help. He invented and founded his own projects, a school for apprentices, a residential school where promising boys were encouraged to study the one thing which interested them, whether it was music or electricity. He still retained a few directorships and an active part in the management of the experimental plant at Poinsettia. Besides, he had his reading. He had had no leisure for books; now he discovered a lively appetite for detective fiction, with a candid preference for blood and action. In short, Mr. Plumptre had plenty to do, and he wished to goodness they'd leave him alone and let him do it.

WHEN Manners had left him, he thought for the hundredth time of a nice big bolt for the door. But no bolt would avail him, he knew, when Mrs. Plumptre decided it was time for his milk and biscuit or that he would enjoy watching the tennis.

The door opened and his daughter strolled in. Mr. Plumptre was a successful parent. Nita was tall, with the lithe grace of a race horse—or a ranking tennis player. Her hair was the color of honey in the sunlight, and its morning smoothness accentuated the warm blondeness of her skin and the scarlet of her lips. She slid her hands under his chin and kissed the top of his head. For all her robust ways, she was gentle with her father.

“Nita, how often have I told you to leave my papers alone?” he grumbled.

“Did I muss 'em?” she sighed. “Last night when we were looking for pencils. I knew at the time I was doing something wrong. I guess I'm the poisonous old plug-ugly.”

She sat pensively on the arm of his chair.

“Dad, there are too many people in this house!”

“What brings you to that startling conclusion?” he demanded with sarcasm. “We are quite quiet this week—not more than fifty.”

“And mostly men. Everywhere I go they are underfoot. I wish they were in—Reykjavik.”

“Humph! I suppose this means that the bright particular star of the minute had another engagement. Tough,” said her father.

“It isn't that the good men are so hard to find. It's just that you don't realize they are good until they're gone. Dad, I wish we lived in a place so small we could have only one man down at a time—to occupy the attic. Then we could observe him when he is good and when he is bored and stir him up and study him when he is angry. I might fall in love then.”

Mr. Plumptre began to open his mail. “Well, doubtless you have things to do, important researches to conduct—”

“Nothing, dear father. I thought I would stay here and keep you from being lonely. I've neglected you lately.”

Mr. Plumptre, who had been searching his mind for an ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FATHER POINT
Continued from page thirty-three

pression lately overheard, brought it to the surface with a triumphant explosion:

“Scram!”

“Father! Wherever do you pick up such terms and whatever can it mean?”

He put his arm around her and escorted her to the door. “It means, long-legs, that your daddy has work to do. ‘Make a noise like an egg and beat it,’” he quoted from his reading.

A moment later the door reopened and Nita said rapidly: “I'm sorry about those papers, dad, and mother is coming this way with that Lichenstein person.”

Mr. Plumptre started up indignantly. “I won't see the fellow! He makes me tired—and he'll waste the whole morning.”

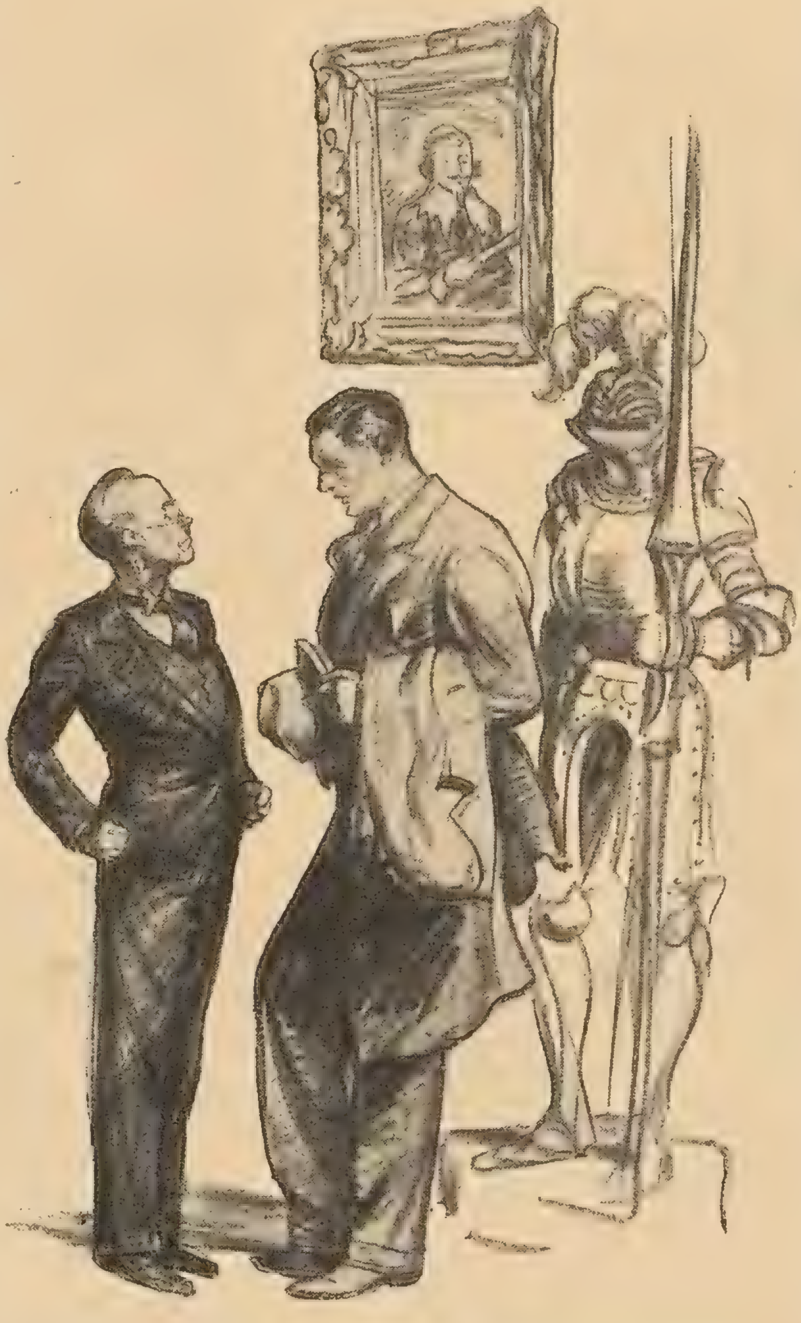
“Then through the window, dad.” And, with his daughter's help, Mr. Plumptre squeezed through a panel in the celebrated window and scrammed.

He trudged moodily through the sunshine, across the well kept lawns to the pines that edged the seashore. Along the sands he plodded to the point that marked the end of the swimming beach.

He had never explored this distant boundary of his domain before, and curiosity urged him on despite his fatigue. There was another point beyond, a peninsula like a miniature of Spain. Ancient pines grew there, twisted into grotesque shapes by the wind. Its seaward side was girt with rocks; beyond there was a sheltered crescent cove. The base of the point had been so eroded by the water that only a narrow strip of rocks and sand connected it with the mainland. Mr. Plumptre sat right down where he was and gloated.

Julian Marsh, architect, summoned by long-distance phone, was ushered into the library that evening.

Mr. Plumptre immediately put a large chair against the door. “Now we can talk. Sit down. Have a cigar. Listen, Julian. I want action on this thing. How soon can you have it built?”



Mr. Plumptre dashed into the hall and collided with a young man standing there.

JULIAN MARSH clipped the end of his cigar with deliberation and lit it carefully.

“How soon can I build what?”

“The cottage, man! Didn't you get my message?”

“But what on earth, if I may ask it, do you want a cottage for—when you have all this?” Julian Marsh waved an expressive hand about him.

“Peace and quiet. Listen, Julian. You played me a dirty trick when you made this wing the show place of Saltair. I'm not blaming you, but you've got to build me this little place of my own—quick. Here's a rough idea what I want.”

“Of course,” said Julian Marsh, “I'd have to look over the site. The natural surroundings are the dominant factor, you know.”

“Next to me, they are,” said J. Adam Plumptre. “We'll get out there at six o'clock and go over the ground.”

“Do you know,” said the disturbed architect, “I thought you said six o'clock.”

“So I did. And another thing. The contractors will rig flood lights and use night and day shifts. Lord knows there are plenty of idle men. And they'll bring their materials in barges. I'm not going to have them traipsing through here. And not a word to anyone about this, Julian. It's a little blow-out of my own. Now you better get to bed and have a good sleep, for you're going to have a busy day tomorrow.” . . .

“Pack up, Mintern,” said Mr. Plumptre to his valet. “All our old clothes. We're going on our vacation. And tell Manners to have my library boxed.”

Julian Marsh had made an excellent job of it. The cottage looked as if it had grown there, so naturally it rested below its frieze of pines. Its design was Moorish. The arched galleries would temper the summer heat and the coolness of the ocean breezes. Its walls were cream-colored and its roof was the blue that you sometimes see on the roofs of Brittany.

The peninsula had become an island. A channel had been cut through its base and a light rustic bridge thrown across. Mr. Plumptre had clung to the idea of a bridge with water under it. It seemed to promise more security.

Inside there was a serene spaciousness surrounded by every modern device to simplify housekeeping.

MRS. PLUMPTRE had been vaguely aware that her husband was doing something down on the beach and had consented to his being there upon the condition that he would not get his feet wet. The extent of his deception was strikingly revealed in four pages of photographs in a magazine devoted to the pursuits of the wealthy. There was an immediate convulsion at Saltair. Accompanied by an amused daughter and a convoy of guests, she descended upon the “new abode of the well known philanthropist.”

Mr. Plumptre's placating “Now, mother, I intended to ask you all down as soon as I got settled” went unheeded. Beauty needs no excuse. Mrs. Plumptre was charmed with the cottage—and promptly annexed it as an attraction of Saltair. She gave a lively housewarming party, and thereafter it became the custom to drop in for tea at Father Point, as Nita had named it, the faithful Manners conveying the cocktails.

Mr. Plumptre bided his time. The cottage was a novelty, but it was a long way from Saltair. The phase, he hoped, would soon wear off. Anyway, he had the mornings free to putter and to read detective stories. To please his wife he sometimes went to the big house for luncheon.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Plumptre on one of these occasions, “how brown you are getting! But you must take care not to be out in the sun too much. Headaches, you know. And, father, what do you think? Manuel Ivor is coming for a week.”

“That's nice,” said Mr. Plumptre in complete and uncaring ignorance of Manuel Ivor.

“The poet, you know. He is working on a tragedy of old Spain. Blank verse, of course. And I thought I would put him in the cottage. Think how splendid it would be if he completed a poem there! It might become a literary shrine.”

“Huh?” Mr. Plumptre was alarmed by a vision of eccentric gentlemen in flowing ties trooping like ants to his doorstep. "Well, I suppose it's all right," he assented dubiously. "If he's quiet, that's all I ask of him."

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Plumptre briskly. "Then Mintern can bring your things up this afternoon. I know Mr. Ivor will love it down there."

Mr. Plumptre started to his feet. "You mean that he's to have the place and I'm to move out? You're going to give him *my* cottage?"

"Now, father, don't be difficult. You don't understand the poetic temperament. It craves peace and solitude—"

"So do I crave peace and solitude!" A sense of outrage swept Mr. Plumptre. He swelled. He bristled. "And, by the hickory, I'm going to have it! I'm going back to my cottage and I'm going to stay there! You've had your turn. Now I'm going to have mine—and I'm not going to be pestered and interrupted and interfered with! No more parties. No more boopa-doop under the windows at midnight. And if Mr. Ivory-headed What's-his-name or any of the rest of the thundering herd come bothering round I'll throw 'em into the sea!"

HE dashed into the hall and collided with a young man standing there with his hat in his hand.

"Whaddye want?" snapped Mr. Plumptre.

"Mr. Plumptre? I have a letter for you."

"What about?"

"A job, sir."

He was a tall, wide young man with a serious brown face.

"Never mind the letter. Can you obey orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"Including assault and battery?"

"No objection, sir."

"You're hired. Come on," said Mr. Plumptre, and shook the dust of Saltair from his feet. . . .

Mr. Plumptre sat in a deck chair on his dock. He was in his oldest clothes, a long cigar occupied one corner of his mouth, and in his lap he held a bamboo pole about eighteen feet long. Mr. Plumptre was fishing. The young man lounged beside him in old flannels, sucking an empty pipe. In the pantry the versatile Mintern was making apple pies. Mr. Plumptre had been known to interrupt the progress of stately dinners with a request for apple pie.

With a shout Mr. Plumptre dragged a wriggling catfish from the depths. "Six," he said with satisfaction. "This is the life!"

The young man made confirmatory noises.

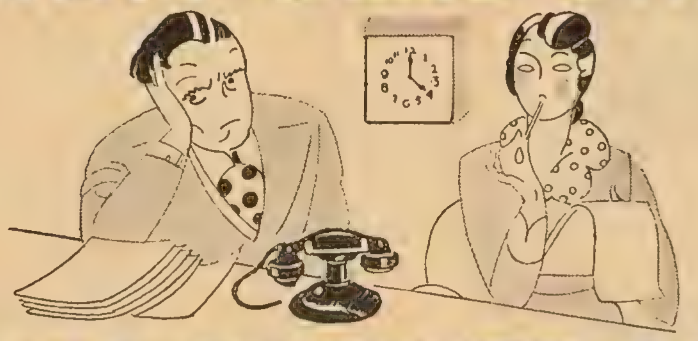
"Some day I'm going on a real fishing trip—deep-sea fishing. "Y'ever been deep-sea fishing?" inquired Mr. Plumptre.

"Yes. I've fished for tarpon off Florida and for tuna at St. Margarets, Nova Scotia. Albacore, they call them there. Played one for three hours once."

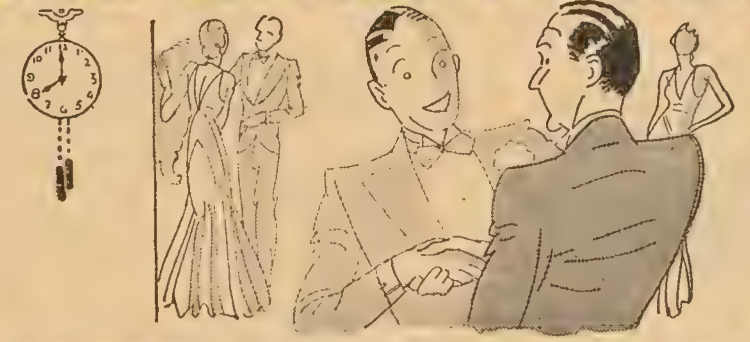
"You did, hey? I hooked a bass

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ALWAYS DEAD TIRED?



COME BACK TO LIFE!



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FATHER POINT
Continued from page thirty-five

once which fought me for twenty-seven minutes. It was at my camp in Maine. It was a dandy camp, but I fell out a boat and caught a chill and I had to give it up."

"Glad to have you at my father's camp any time," said the young man. "It's in the Laurentians in Quebec. Plenty of bass and speckled trout there."

Mr. Plumptre wondered a little why a young man who could afford to go tuna and tarpon fishing should choose to sit on his dock in a humble capacity, but dismissed it as a sign of the times. Certainly he had already shown plenty of initiative.

On their arrival at the cottage, Mr. Plumptre had given him his instructions: "Your job is to keep people off my lot. I don't care how you do it, but do it! Nobody comes in here without my consent. I want peace and quiet and you're to see that I get it."

At that moment the telephone connected with Saltair had rung. Mr. Plumptre, his anger already evaporating, was approaching it nervously when the young man jerked the connection out by the roots.

D. K. FINDLAY

author of this story, was born in Carleton Place, Ontario, in 1901 and is a graduate of the University of Toronto. After graduation he traveled in Europe and South America, working on cattle boats, in iron foundries, and on race tracks. He is engaged in law practice, but has had several fiction stories published.

"It's all right, sir. I've begun," he said, and thereafter went out and began to pull boards out of the bridge. When he had finished, the middle section could be removed and replaced at will.

It was at his suggestion that a motor boat was procured for Mintern so that he could go direct to the village for supplies and the mail. The resultant mobility appealed to Mr. Plumptre. He bought a boat for himself, a sturdy old tub smelling to heaven of fish, but powerful enough to drive through or over the bar that protected the little cove.

HE regarded his purchase with pride as it rode at anchor off the end of the dock.

"Tomorrow we'll rip out her fittings and put in decent lockers."

"You could rig a cabin on it if you liked," said the young man. "Plenty of room."

Mr. Plumptre sighed a happy sigh. The days stretched before him in a pleasant vista. Plenty of time to putter, to plan, to laze in the sun and read good books. Next moment he was scurrying for the shelter of the gallery.

"Here comes that pest Lichenstein! He's not going to clutter up my place with any of his fake antiques. The only thing that's genuine about that gent is his nerve. On your job, boy; chase him!"

Mr. Lichenstein, accompanied by an odor of patchouli, crossed the sands humming a tune. He had promised himself a profitable afternoon. Positively he would not take no for an answer. Mr. Lichenstein described himself as a dealer in rare and beautiful antiques. Mr. Plumptre's view was, briefly, that Mr. Lichenstein was a great kidder. Not that Mr. Lichenstein concerned himself with Mr. Plumptre's opinion. He had a tolerant contempt for American millionaires. His florid, ingratiating manners were very successful with women. From the safe haven of their wives' good graces he could generally exert sufficient pressure to maintain a trade that kept him in affluence and relieved Continental attics of a great deal of lumber.

"NO mottoes, washing machines, nor thingumbobs today, thank you."

Mr. Lichenstein glanced with hauteur at the tall young man who barred his way.

"I wish to see Mr. Plumptre."

"Then prepare yourself for a shock. Mr. Plumptre is not on view this afternoon."

"So?" Mr. Lichenstein smiled a superior smile. "Nevertheless he will see me. Kindly take him my card."

The young man gazed at him curiously. "What makes you think he wants to see you? Are you beautiful? Even if you were as beautiful as Niagara by moonlight, he wouldn't look at you. He isn't having any visitors."

"I demand to see him!" cried Mr. Lichenstein angrily. "I have a letter from Mrs. Plumptre arranging an interview."

"Then mail it, old thing. It will just set you back two cents."

"You will not tell him? Then I will tell him myself." And Mr. Lichenstein took breath.

Immediately he was running rapidly along the sand, impelled by a powerful hand at the back of his neck. At the edge of the trees the young man released his captive with a stern shake.

"If you ever come back here again, Lichy, I'll fill your trousers full of catfish. Keep going!"

On his return he withdrew the center section of the bridge.

Presently, as he expected, Manners appeared carrying a salver on which reposed a square white envelope.

"I've a letter for the master, sir," said Manners, who knew a gentleman when he saw one. "From Mrs. Plumptre, sir."

"H'm. What's in it?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir."

"Well, what were the atmospheric conditions surrounding its inception?"

"Well, if I follow you, sir—stormy, remarkably stormy. Mr. Lichenstein he raised a terrible to-do, sir, and

Mrs. Plumptre said I was to deliver this to the master personally."

"Quite. Come along in. But, as you see, we're having our bridge repaired. You'll have to jump it."

Manners backed hastily away from the ten-foot gap. "Oh dear goodness, sir, I could never make it—never in this world!"

"Oh, come on. Have a try. I'll bet you could do it, all but the last foot."

Manners shuddered.

"Well, chuck over the missive, then." The young man set himself for a catch.

"Be very careful, sir," pleaded Manners, and assumed an Old-World attitude of cricket. It was a good throw. The young man, who had suddenly put his hands in his pockets, watched it flutter by him into the ocean.

"Missed it!" he murmured. "Too bad. Too bad. But the tide will bring it back again in a day or so. But if I were you I wouldn't tell the mistress that you chucked her letter into the drink. She mightn't understand. Tell her anything you like and rely on me for confirmation."

THE afternoon passed on its sunlit way. Gulls dipped their white wings above the waves; the water gurgled around the piles; and the young man on the dock scowled steadily into the middle distance. A faint burst of laughter from the beach made him lift his head.

A gay group of youths and maidens was coming along the beach. He stared for a moment at the long-limbed, golden girl who led them, and then moved to the bridge to meet them.

"Good afternoon."

Nita stopped in blank astonishment.

"Why, whatever are you doing here?"

"I'm a humble detail of this establishment."

"You are staying with dad?"

"Oh, no. I am merely one of his aids. In the Department of Foreign Affairs. His bouncer, to be frank."

"I see—a modern Horatio." There was a pause. "Why didn't you come to Saltair?"

"I prefer it here. Your dad and I get along fine. You see, we are fellow rebels."

"Against what?"

"Petticoat government."

The girl's straight brows drew together. "Indeed? Somehow, I don't think you are going to be very good at this job, Ted. Not enough iron behind the velvet glove. Now kindly replace your drawbridge. We are coming over."

"My orders are to keep everyone out. I can't very well frog-march you off the premises, so won't you—er—beat it?"

"Chuck it, Nita," advised one of the group, who had remained mute but interested spectators. "Poppa won't like us barging in on him. Let's stagger along."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHILDREN, IF YOU GET YOUR CLOTHES ALL DIRTY I'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOU COME IN!
IT'S EASY ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SAY LET THEM PLAY. BUT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO SCRUB THEIR CLOTHES
MY CHILDREN ARE ACTIVE, TOO—YET I NEVER WORRY ABOUT THEIR SOILED CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM CLEAN IN RINSO. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT!
LATER
I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE BIG BOX, MRS. HOWE. MOST WOMEN USE RINSO FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING, TOO
—AND I'LL TAKE A BOX OF RINSO
NEXT WASHDAY
LOOK, EDNA—THE WHITEST WASH I EVER HUNG OUT AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT—THANKS TO RINSO
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- 12 handkerchiefs
- 8 children's dresses
- 8 children's nightclothes
- 10 pairs children's stockings
- 4 suits children's underwear
- 1 nightshirt
- 1 overalls
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- 3 aprons
- 3 dresses
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- 3 pairs men's socks

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[FATHER POINT
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"No," said Nita. "We are all going over—to congratulate dad on his latest acquisition. The bridge, please."

The young man hesitated. Then, "If you insist," he said, and shot the section into place.

Nita was halfway across when he stopped her with a gesture.

"Perhaps I didn't make myself quite clear. You can't come any farther."

"Really! And what is to prevent me—that well known iron will of yours?"

"You are forgetting dat ole debbil the sea," said the young man, and with one kick he dislodged his end of the section.

With a shriek that tore the peace of Father Point into quivering pieces and a splash that rose like a geyser, Nita shot downward into six feet of cold salt water. . . .

"I guess you told the truth when you said you could obey orders," said Mr. Plumptre ruefully, "but my name is mud." He had been a startled witness to the outrage which had sent his daughter homeward, an outraged goddess sneezing balefully, but he had not intervened.

"I don't think so, sir. You see, it was a sort of private run-in between the two of us—she understands that." He hesitated and plunged on: "It may seem a funny thing to say after what has just happened, but I've been head over heels about Nita for a year—ever since I met her. But I never had a chance. You have to have an awful nerve to stay in an international event like that. I just moped about on the fringe, hoping for a kind word and knocking the other entries. Love takes a man in all sorts of ways, I guess. That's what it did to me. Where Nita was concerned, my backbone ran out the back and left an old bicycle tube in its place.

"I think Nita liked me, but with me giving my celebrated imitation of a wet bath mat what could you expect? She was used to having her own way, and heaven knows I wanted her to have it. Everything she did was right with me. But we quarreled over something that mattered very little to her and a great deal to me, and when I gave in—she laughed. That was all she wanted, you see. So I dropped out of the picture. And now, I'd like to resign, sir."

MR. PLUMPTRE turned it over in his mind. "Nope," he said. "You were only obeying orders, if it comes to that." He liked this young man. "She called you Ted?"

"Short for Theodore. Theodore Marsh."

"Any relation to S. J. Marsh?"

"His son. He gave me a letter to you. When I finished my postgrad course I wanted to go to work for a man I knew, but dad vetoed it. Said he'd rather I'd start in under you than anyone else."

Mr. Plumptre felt a glow of pleasure. S. J. Marsh and he had beared each other's stocks and stolen each other's markets for years. They had had good scraps and each had taken his lickings.

"That's the first favor S. J. Marsh ever asked of me. And I take it as a mighty high compliment. We'll take a trip over to the experimental plant one of these days. They can always use good men there. But there's no hurry about that. Say, son, I'm sorry this happened between you and Nita."

"I feel much better," said the young man gloomily. "Better a clean break than a long, lingering wrangle."

A round moon rode up the sky and wrote sliding, shining squiggles of gold like Chinese characters upon the tops of the waves. Inside, Mr. Plumptre pursued the adventures of Ronald and his mysterious girl friend. To Theodore J. Marsh, slumped on the dock, the offshore breeze brought a soughing of branches and, faint and fitfully, the music of a dance orchestra at Saltair.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "I wish—" But what he wished could not matter at all now. Nor would one more dream matter. Chin on hand, he stared across the water and had his final dream.

THERE was a faint hello from the bridge. He jumped. His dream stood there, a white statue against the dark pines, the jewels in her hair flashing in the moonlight.

"Evening, Nita," he said soberly when he reached her. "Your father is reading in the cottage. May I take you to him?"

"No; I won't interrupt him—yet. I'm getting awfully good at not interrupting him." She looked at a star above his head. "I was wondering if you felt like apologizing?"

"No."

"Absolutely sure? The last time of asking—and all that."

"No."

"Then I suppose I will," said Nita. She nodded at the star. "Yes, I will. Wasn't I the cantankerous old goat! If it had been a stranger I wouldn't have dreamed of acting like that. Just because it was you I had to be rude and perverse."

He slipped a hand under her arm and drew her along the path.

"Sweet, it wasn't nice of me—"

"You should have seen mother this afternoon," she interrupted irrelevantly, "when Manners reported that daddy wouldn't listen to him and threw her note in the ocean and used language. 'The little *wretch!*' she said proudly, and you could see the love light in her eye. We are all the same. We like to know that sometimes, right or wrong, we are up against a stone wall—the good old ears-back, feet-set, male obstinacy that neither tears nor screams nor earthquakes can move. It's what all we sillies want in our men-folk, Teddy."

"Nita!"

"Can't you see it in my eye, dear? You were so nice about the little things, and now that I've run plunk against a chunk of granite in your character—well, I will if you will!"

There was a pleasant interlude.

"But you'll let me have my way most of the time, won't you, Teddy? Only sometimes, when you want me alone for an evening and I say I'm having people in for bridge, the tenth time or maybe the second or third—"

"I'll say, 'I don't feel like bridge this evening,' and tear up the cards and pull the legs off the tables!"

Mr. Plumptre leaned out from the arch of the gallery.

"Well, everything going to be all right," he announced. "Ronald got her on the last page. The miscreant had shaved off her hair and she wouldn't budge until it had grown in again. That was the horrible secret. Say, son, have we got company?"

Nita turned her head. "Yes, dad. Permanent company. We're coming in, in a minute, to tell you all about it."

Mr. Plumptre looked at the round moon, the shining water, and the absorbed couple on the dock. "H'm. Well, I guess I'll have time to start another one. Plenty of time!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What does *caveat emptor* mean?

2—With what city do you associate gondolas?

3—Who were the Argonauts?

4—Who said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley"?

5—Who composed Humoresque?

6—For whom is Vassar College named?

7—What was Flanders?

8—Who wrote Antony and Cleopatra? Cæsar and Cleopatra?

9—What is the usual name for pictures in which the Virgin Mary is the central figure?

10—What is the modern name of the Hellespont?

11—What Scandinavian was known throughout the world for his fairy tales?

12—What was the port side of a vessel formerly called?

13—What is the name for a green or bluish rust on copper?

14—Who composed the Unfinished Symphony?

15—Where is Mount Everest?

16—The maple leaf is the emblem of what country?

17—What is the result of multiplication called?

18—What is the name of the garment which cowboys wear over their trousers?

19—Is arsenic a vegetable or a mineral?

20—What country in ancient times was called Helvetia?

(*Answers will be found on page 44*)

SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE FIND DELICIOUS COCOMALT INCREASES WEIGHT AND IMPROVES SCHOLARSHIP

Chicago school children average 10-lb. gain

Nourishing food-drink achieves astonishing results in test

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WEEK	3rd	4th	6th	7th	8th
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Can a Third Party

NO! SAYS SENA

The Leader of the Progressives Looks at the Coming Campaign and Backs Hoover's Stand on Prohibition

© Johnson & Son, from Wide World

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 10 seconds.)

"I WILL travel with the Devil if he is going in my direction."

This remark, attributed by Sam Woolf to William E. Borah, exemplifies the Senator's faith in himself. Always certain that his direction is right, Borah refuses to budge from his self-chosen path.

"I have my own views and try to stand by them," the Senator remarked somewhat truculently.

"Are you," I retorted, "sure that inflexibility is always a virtue?"

"Maybe it is. Maybe it is not. In any case, I make up my mind slowly and change more slowly. The records will show the latter."

Borah does not hold with Whitman: "Do I contradict myself? Well, then, I do contradict myself." He clings to his convictions with imperturbable determination. But no one can tell which way his mind will leap or predicate his position on any issue.

Like the cat that walked alone, Borah is governed solely by the law of his own being. This perplexing quality makes him the sphinx of the Senate. I refer not to the female sphinx of Thebes, but to its male counterpart in Egypt—the sphinx with the face of a man and the body of a lion. Borah's hair resembles vaguely the mane of an aging lion. His body carries out the suggestion. His rugged features recall the weather-beaten image in the Egyptian desert.

It is difficult to interview sphinxes. Sphinxlike, the Senator rather propounds than answers questions! Few interviewers can entrap him into direct quotations. I talked to him on several occasions. Each time he asked me, after a pleasant discussion, to put my questions in writing. But once I submitted the questionnaire it was lost in the desert sands of his desk.

The Senator dreads to commit himself in an interview or a speech without soul-researching self-examination. He never rises to speak in the Senate except when his mind is fully made up. Then he opens the floodgates of his rhetoric and his eloquence trickles above his audience.

His attitude, like George Bernard Shaw's, is always courageous and often startling. But, like Shaw, he admits no inconsistency, even if his actions today appear to other, less enlightened, minds contradictory of his actions the day before. He would be more likable if he were less sure of himself and others could be more sure of him.

Clad in the armor of his righteousness, Borah rides roughshod over friendships of many years to vindicate his private convictions. Intellectual pride, his conscience, not his heart, is his guide. The most formidable figure in the Senate, perhaps the only one whom posterity may call "great," Borah lacks that sweet reasonableness which made Lincoln beloved. He inherits his stubbornness from his north-Irish and north-German ancestors. His American roots go back centuries, but his name is German. Martin Luther married a Kaetchen Bora.

Borah is one of the Senate's best fighters. But even in his fights he does not yield to emotion. In spite of his courage, he gives the impression of caution. Although he roars at the Republican Party between elections with the ferocity of a lion, every Presidential contest finds him cooing in the cage of regularity. Miracles happen only to men who dare what their reason denies. Borah has no faith in miracles.

These thoughts surged through me when, after a prolonged search, I found Borah in the room of the Committee on Foreign Relations. This room is Borah's world. Here he exercises more real power than many monarchs. He practically dictates the foreign policy of the United States. In domestic affairs, too, Borah's influence is immense. He carries weight both with the conservatives and with the progressives. His influence is thrown most often to rebels like Norris and La Follette.

"Senator," I asked, "what will the minimum demands of the Progressives be in the Republican Convention?"

"I cannot speak for the Progressives," Senator Borah replied stonily.

He refuses to exhibit the slightest interest in the issue of the campaign.

"What," I inquired, "is the difference between the two parties?"

"The difference?" He smiled darkly. "That is what many would like to know."

SUCCEED?
TOR BORAH

By
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Acme photo
Borah in action. Articulate and eloquent, he has none the less an enigmatic habit that makes him "the sphinx of the Senate."

"What will be the main issue of the forthcoming campaign?"

"The main issue of the two parties," the Senator retorted with biting sarcasm, "seems to be who will be elected."

"Do you think we shall witness this year the birth of a third party?"

"There never was the slightest chance for a successful third-party movement in the United States."

"Why don't you lead a revolt against both old parties?"

Borah shook his head gloomily.

"I never identified myself with the third-party movement. Certain writers said I should. I differed."

"If you had supported Senator La Follette when he sought the Presidency on the Progressive ticket in 1924 you could have built up an organization strong enough to elect a President now."

"I NEVER promised to support La Follette. I stated to the Senator, whom I greatly admired, that a third party was not possible. There may come a time when a new party will take the place of one of the old parties, but this is a two-party government."

"It is sometimes said that you deserted Roosevelt in 1912—"

Borah's forehead clouded. "I did not desert Roosevelt. I might just as well say that Roosevelt deserted me. We had both announced that we would stay within the Republican Party. Roosevelt left it. I stayed. But I supported Roosevelt to the limit in the convention until he bolted. All this is a matter of history and can be verified."

"Nevertheless, your Republicanism has been attacked by members of your own party."

A smile flitted over the sphinxlike features.

"I am a Republican because my constituents say so. Their decision is final. It is more important than what a few men in Washington may say."

In the campaign of 1928 Borah supported Hoover. He has not yet announced what part he will take in the present campaign. It is safe to affirm that his support will not be given to any Republican rebel in 1932. He himself will lead no revolt. Borah may not stump for the head of the ticket if he disapproves of Hoover's actions. But

In spite of his flair for radicalism, Borah, like Shaw, has a streak of conservatism. In the World War, Shaw, for all his criticism of the British government, remained safely within the breastworks of the British Empire. He did not, like some conscientious objectors, court martyrdom. Borah faces every four years the test that Shaw faced only once. And every four years, after hunting with the hounds, Borah runs with the regulars.

In literature, Borah, like Shaw, is conservative, timorous of sex. Frank Harris, who died last August in Nice, was a schoolfellow of Senator Borah. They were students together at the Kansas State University. When, some years ago, Harris published his naughty memories, My Life and Loves, he ventured to send a copy to the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. When Borah opened the book he was deeply shocked. Remembering that he taught a Bible class in his youth, Borah gave vent to his moral indignation by making a bonfire of the book.

CAN A THIRD PARTY SUCCEED? NO! SAYS SENATOR BORAH

Continued from page forty-one

There are those who believe that these volumes point the way to a new freedom. There are others who look upon them as senile obscenities. But to consign them to the flames showed the same attitude of mind which Torquemada revealed when he burned the bodies and the books of heretics at the stake. Anyone gazing at the features of Senator Borah lit by the flames of this *auto-da-fé* must have seen in them the reflection of his moral fanaticism. It is this fanaticism which gives him his strength. It is also the source of his weakness.

Another Aristides "the Just," Borah stalks through the Senate wearing the halo of his impeccability. He is popularly believed to lack a single redeeming vice. He neither gambles nor drinks. When he would dissipate he reads Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance. In his more abandoned moods he dips into The Scarlet Letter. Borah's most violent diversion is horseback riding. His indifference to money is proverbial in Washington. When the Senators raised their own salaries a few years ago, Borah accepted the increase only after his reëlection. In the meantime he paid back $2,000 annually to the Treasury of the United States. This was not a cheap desire on Borah's part to curry favor with the masses; if he played to the gallery, it was to the gallery of his own conscience.

Borah made many foes by championing the recognition of Russia. But the charge, based on forged Russian documents, that Borah was on the Soviet pay roll, unloosed salvos of laughter among his colleagues in the Senate.

Acme photo

Senator Borah on his saddle horse Governor. Riding is his most violent diversion.

It is in accordance with the fanatical strain in his composition that Senator Borah is a militant dry. On prohibition, he sees eye to eye with Mr. Hoover.

"It seems strange to me," I said, "that you, a liberal of liberals, should be in favor of prohibition."

"I HAVE never"—the answer came like a shot—"made a speech advocating prohibition. But now that it is part of the Constitution I believe that it should be enforced. So long as the Eighteenth Amendment stays I shall do all I can to maintain and enforce it. For that I am called a fanatic. I covet the honor."

"Prohibition," I rejoined, "should not be part of the Constitution. The regulation of our dietary habits belongs clearly to the municipality or to the state. It constitutes an invasion of state rights by the federal government."

"My dear Viereck, the people who are now talking so much about state rights are the very people who had no regard for state rights before prohibition was incorporated in our Constitution. Those who destroyed home rule were engaged in the liquor business."

There was something like a sneer in the Senator's voice. "My state, Idaho, had prohibition laws. But the brewers and whisky makers had no respect for these laws.

"But surely," I said, "you must admit that prohibition breeds crime and corruption. The Eighteenth Amendment and its litter have enabled the gunman to debauch the United States and make Chicago the capital of crime."

A shadow passed over the Senator's face.

"Long before prohibition," he retorted hotly, "things in Chicago were unspeakably bad. Your memory does not go back far enough. You can dig out the facts for yourself from the newspaper files of the past if you will take the trouble. No criminal law has ever been a success. Some people deny the success of the Ten Commandments. But the fact that they are violated daily is no argument for their repudiation. Even before prohibition we had nine hundred murders every year. Only sixty per cent of the murderers were tried, and only forty per cent convicted. We are neither worse nor better off today in that respect than we were before prohibition."

"EVERY poll on prohibition clearly shows that the trend of public opinion is growing daily more hostile to prohibition."

"Prohibition," the Senator reiterated, "is part of the Constitution. There is one issue—repeal or not repeal."

"It would not remain," I replied, "part of the Constitution long if the majority of the people had a voice in the matter. But under the peculiar conditions governing our commonwealth, a handful of small states containing only a fraction of the population can overrule the will of the majority."

A militant look came into the Senator's eye.

"Is there any reason why a small state should not be right as well as a big one?"

I recollected that the total population of Idaho, which Senator Borah represents in the Senate, is 445,032. By virtue of this discrepancy of the population, one citizen of Idaho has twenty-five times as much influence over the destiny of the nation as one citizen of New York. Borah is Idaho. He can transfer the electorate at will from his left to his right vest pocket.

"There is," I remarked, after I regained my composure, "such a thing as invalidating an unpopular law by nullification. It is a well known fact that the Fourteenth Amendment is not enforced in the South. Why, then, concentrate the efforts of the government upon the enforcement of the most unpopular amendment?"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Viereck. If the Southern states circumvent the Fourteenth Amendment their methods are strictly constitutional. The rulings of the Supreme Court leave no doubt on this point."

The Constitution is Senator Borah's faith and his fetish. Because the Constitution divides the responsibility for our foreign affairs between the President and the Senate, Senator Borah makes himself the champion of Congressional authority against all encroachments of the executive.

Recently the French Foreign Minister, Laval, came to the United States to secure more sacrifices from the American taxpayer. Borah practically took the negotia-

Frenchman home without accomplishing his purpose. To the French, Uncle Shylock bears the features of William Edgar Borah. When a speech by Senator Borah was broadcast at an international meeting in France his voice was drowned by catcalls. Borah takes the attitude that we must make no further concessions, financially or otherwise, to Europe without due compensation. Such compensation would be a reduction in armaments all around, which would save us more in expenditures for the army and navy than our erstwhile allies will ever pay us, and cancellation of all reparations. That would give a chance for economic recovery and open up markets for the factory and the farm.

It was Borah who, for better or for worse, defeated the League of Nations in the United States Senate. His defense of Americanism as against internationalism brought tears to the stern eyes of Lodge. "Call us little Americans if you will," he shouted, "but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term American, however modified, still merits. Take away that term, and though you should coin in telling phrase your highest eulogy, we would hurl it back as a common slander."

BORAH'S dauntless determination prevented the United States from accepting the fateful Peace Treaty which Wilson brought home from Paris. The Idaho statesman never tires of criticizing the mess made by the Big Four in Versailles. His arraignment of the Polish Corridor arouses angry vituperation in the Polish press.

Borah's ancestors came to America before the Revolution. In spite of his preoccupation with foreign affairs, Borah has never taken his feet off this continent. Every now and then it is announced that he will take a trip to Europe. But always, at the last minute, he is unavoidably detained. Borah persuades himself that it is work that keeps him at home. In reality, it is fear of being torn loose from his moorings. The Senator prefers to remain in Washington or in Idaho, hugging to his breast his gospel—the Constitution.

No Senator defends the Constitution more valiantly. But recently he underwent a strange sea change. He proclaimed that there was something even more sacred than the Constitution—an astonishing admission for Borah. It seems extraordinary that the newspapers did not seize upon his remarks.

"I confess that I am voting for measures these days under a sort of duress, a duress superimposed by this unprecedented economic breakdown. The situation is so exceptional, the problem which confronts us is so extraordinary, that we are driven to entertain measures which in ordinary times would have no consideration at the hands of this body. We are dealing with a situation with reference to unemployment precisely in the same way that we have been dealing with the situation with reference to business. We are doing things for which there is no precedent. *I venture to say we are doing things for which there is no authority in the Constitution of the United States.* We are doing it for the reason and because of the fact that the situation is such that we are compelled to act, regardless of precedents and regardless of authority. Self-preservation still remains the supreme law."

Borah then outlined specifically the measures for which he finds no authority in the Constitution.

"A few days ago we passed what is known as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation measure. I do not question now the necessity. I challenge any Senator upon this floor to find the slightest sanction for that measure in any authority that is given to the Congress of the United States. We pass a bill by which we take from the Treasury of the United States a large sum of money, and thereby take from the taxpayers of the United States a large sum of money, for the purpose of taking care of the private business of private corporations—"

"It has to be returned," Senator Smoot of Utah interjected.

"That," Borah snapped back, "depends entirely upon what the future

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy. Now they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

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CAN A THIRD PARTY SUCCEED? NO! SAYS SENATOR BORAH

Continued from page forty-three

has in store in the way of recovery from this depression. It may be that not a dollar of it will be returned; we do not know; but whether it is returned or not, I challenge the Senator from Ohio [Fess] to tell me by what authority under the Constitution of the United States we tax all the people of the United States for the business benefit of a few, whether it takes the form of a loan or open donation.

"I recognize the fact that in dealing with the business situation, perhaps, it was necessary for the government to do something; I am not complaining of the measure which was enacted; if it shall bring any relief I shall be glad to know it. However, what I am complaining of is that men who voted to take money out of the Treasury of the United States to revive private business are now unwilling to take money out of the Treasury of the United States to preserve human life when we know it to be imperiled.

"I say there is a philosophy there which is materialism on one side and humanity on the other. I contend that this government of ours, the federal government included, was created to take care of its citizens when in distress, whether they have a dollar or not, and simply because people to whom we would loan money have left sufficient frozen securities to satisfy us that they can repay does not meet the contention at all. We owed a duty to them, the business men, we will say, but we certainly owe a duty to the seven or eight million people who, through no fault of their own, have reached a point where they are on the verge of starvation. Like business, they must have help.

"I DO not think," he resumed, after enlarging on the suffering existing in many places, "that it is humane to undermine the health and the physical stamina of children and cripple them for life before the national government acts. I am convinced that there is widespread and terrible suffering in this country. In some places the situation is beyond description. Thousands and millions of homes in this country, formerly owned but now only occupied by good American citizens, have not had a day free from care and actual want for from eighteen months to two years. Disease is now visiting those homes and taking away the children by reason of the undermined and physical condition of those children. I am not willing, out of a superstitious regard for the responsibility of local government and the responsibility of national government, to refuse to do my duty to humanity.

"Theory disappears when people are hungry. We may call it a dole, but they call it something to eat; and it is immaterial what we call it so long as life is preserved. I am interested in preserving the lives of these people. We may call it a dole, or call it what we will, it does not change the actual fact, and that is that the great government of the United States is undertaking to see that its own people do not starve. . . .

"I AM not inveighing against the federal Treasury trying to save business in a supreme crisis. But I grow impatient with those who have run counter to all precedents, to all traditions, to all constitutional sanctions to save business, but tremble with patriotic wrath and grow indignantly constitutional when help is sought for those upon whom the whole fabric of our civilization rests."

In admitting that humanity is more important than statutes, he showed that at sixty-seven he is still capable of growth. It may be that he will discover that prohibition, too, undermines the fabric of American civilization. Borah has outgrown his state. He has outgrown the Senate. He looms large in the council of nations. But something within him never permits him to assume his full stature. He starts with a magnificent stride; then stops halfway. On the path of assuming the leadership of all liberal elements in the United States, he stopped halfway in a no man's land of his own between freedom and reaction.

It may be that some innate provincialism or some obscure inhibition, reaching to a forgotten childhood experience, accounts for Borah's vacillations and idiosyncrasies. Disguising itself under the mask of morality, it makes him a hero who cannot entirely escape the suspicion of being an intellectual prig. Will he continue to grow—will he forget himself and his own scruples in a larger cause? Or will he remain the cautious lion of Idaho?

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 39

1—Let the buyer beware.

2—Venice, Italy.

3—The men, led by Jason, who sailed in search of the Golden Fleece.

4—Admiral Dewey, at the Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.

5—Anton Dvorák.

6—For Matthew Vassar, its founder.

7—A former country comprising what are now parts of France, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

8—William Shakespeare. George Bernard Shaw.

9—Madonnas.

10—The Dardanelles.

11—Hans Christian Andersen.

12—Larboard.

13—Verdigris.

14—Franz Schubert.

15—In the Himalaya Mountains in Asia.

16—Canada.

17—Product.

18—Chaparajos; usually called chaps.

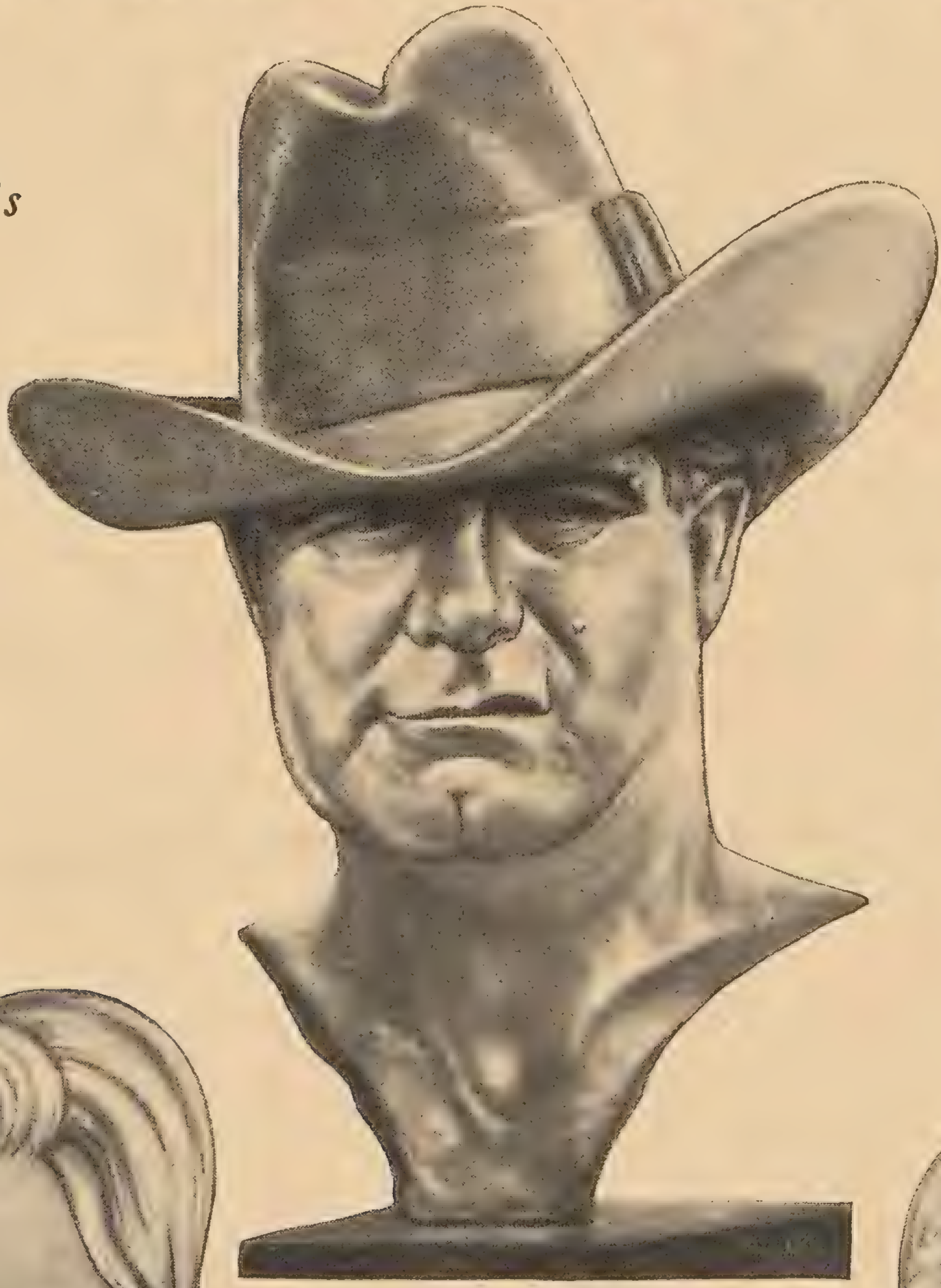
19—A mineral.

20—Switzerland.

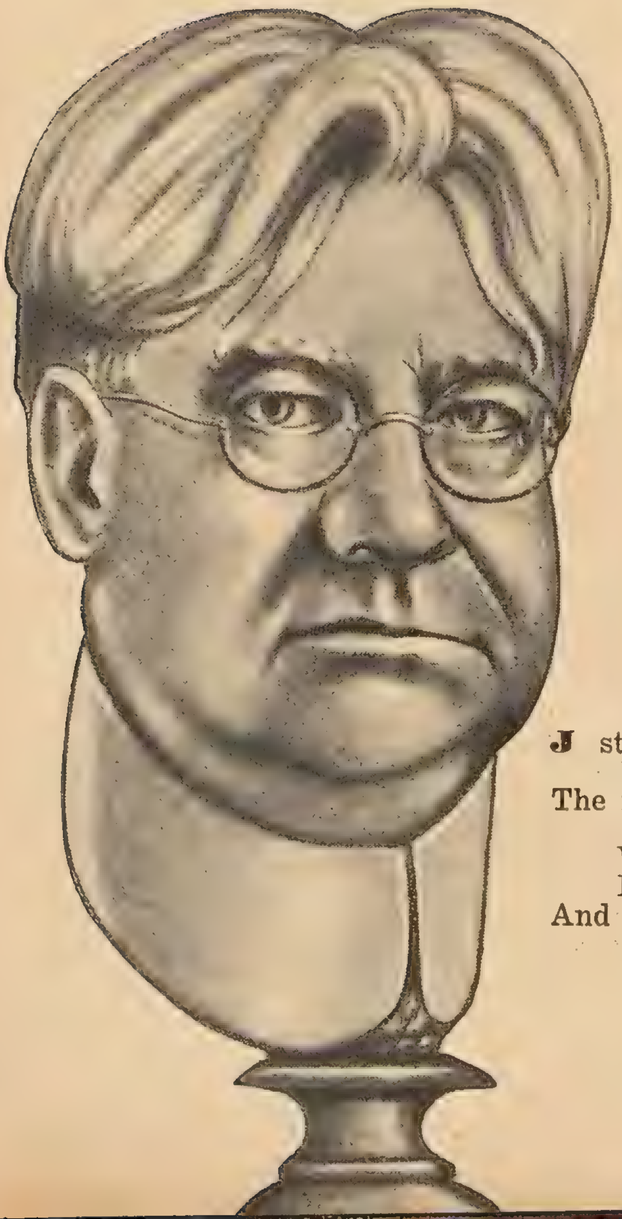
If HOOVER *Should Not Choose to* RUN

A Cartoonist's Impression of Three Possible Republican Presidential Candidates

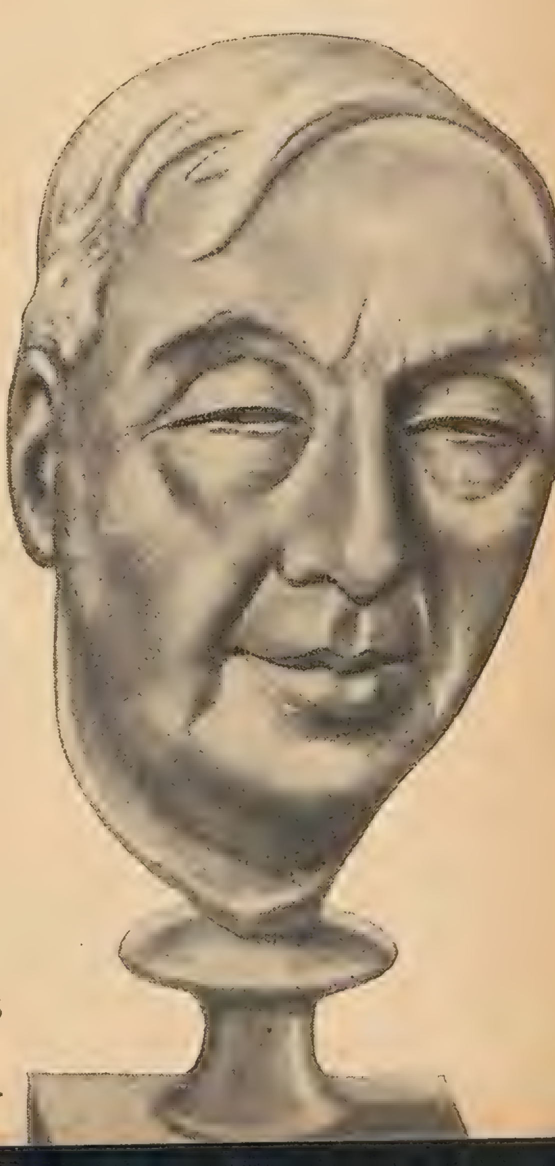
By
PERRITON MAXWELL



B stands for Borah, the sphinx from the West.
At Foreign Relations he thinks he is best.
But should duty beckon,
He'd say, "Well, I reckon
I'd fit in the White House as well as the rest."



J stands for Johnson, sometimes called Hi,
The man who decided the Hughes-Wilson tie.
With ambition he burns,
For the White House he yearns,
And if Herb should refuse, how he'd sigh!



F stands for France—Maryland's Jo;
He's out of the Senate just now; even so,
On a call from the party
His voice would be hearty.
We'll give you one guess what he'd say—
Yes or No!

Belated News

The Story of a Wise Old Salt and a Man Who Trapped Himself

By

FRED C. GREEN

who decided at fifteen that school was a waste of time and started the serious work of earning a living. This ran the range of factory hand, laborer, ship's cook, singer, and actor. He has been in newspaper work for thirty years, twenty-seven of which have been with one paper. His hobby, he says, is collecting publishers' checks.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 7 seconds.)

"WAL, by gracious!" Captain Daniel Webster Eliot was a rarity—an old salt who had commanded sailing vessels for two generations and more, and who never made use of profanity.

Postmaster and keeper of the general store in the little fishing hamlet since his retirement from the sea, Cap'n Dan had found little enough in his placid existence to evoke even mild expletives; but now, as he stepped inside after unlocking the door of his store, one glance was sufficient to provoke the exclamation of surprise.

He turned to peer down the winding, dusty road leading to the fish pier, past the houses that clustered about the tiny harbor. Renzo Crocker was heading in after hauling lobster pots. Jud Staples was opening his building on the wharf, ready to weigh, buy, and put in the pound what lobsters might be brought in.

No one else was in sight at this early hour.

The captain stepped inside the store again. A grizzled old dog, his constant companion, followed at his heels. Another quick glance about and the old man did a curious thing. He locked the door on the inside and he left the faded green curtains drawn down over the windows.

Someone had turned things topsy-turvy during the night. The ancient iron safe in the post-office inclosure had been broken open in the night. The money stored there was gone.

The till behind the grocery counter had been wrenched from its place with such force that one of the slides was broken. The few dollars it had contained also were missing. Goods were strewn about. The intruder had gained entrance through a window at the rear of the storage shed that backed up to the main building.

No doubt he had left fingerprints on everything he had handled. This thought came to Cap'n Dan.

Patiently he replaced the scattered goods. Carefully he mended the broken slide and set the till back in its grooves—the till he had made himself, with his sailorly knack of handicraft, when he had started in business. Then he replaced the papers in the old safe and closed its door. Anyone could open that battered strong box with a screwdriver. The captain was well aware of this.

As he straightened up from bending over the safe the wall telephone seemed to beckon to him. He regarded it thoughtfully for a moment, running fingers through his stubbly white beard.

"No, guess not, Major. We won't call no authorities 'n' stir things up. Ain't been a burgl'ry round here since I c'n remember, 'ceptin' th' time Wes Lewis had th' liquor stole from his henhouse, where he'd hid it. There's a better way than makin' a nine-day gabfest o' this, Major. We'll keep it quiet. He didn't git only about fifty dollars, 'n' that won't break me, will it, Major?"

And the old dog's tail thumped the floor.

With all signs of the burglary removed, the captain raised the curtains to let the morning sunlight flood the store. He unlocked the door, sprinkled water on the floor, and was wielding a broom when the first customer of the day entered.

Business went on as usual—a few sales, a few letters, a few newspapers, a catalogue or two, and the day's duties were ended, except for the usual gathering of village folk on a Saturday evening, when, with work for the week finished, they were wont to meet in the store for a chat. The women gathered about the counter on which the dry goods were displayed; the men lounged in the corner where tobacco was dispensed.

Cap'n Dan smiled as he thought of the stir he could create in the group by telling of the ransacking of the safe. Crime was rare in the hamlet and burglary rarest.

But he did not tell them.

"You 'n' me ain't sayin' a word, be we, Major?" he remarked to the dog as he locked the door and started for home.

NOT even to brisk old Aunt Hetty did the captain reveal his secret. She was a comfortable, garrulous soul who had presided over the affairs of his rambling white house since the time when his faithful wife had passed to her reward, and never a night but when, as soon as the captain came in from his store, she would ask, "Any news, cap'n?"

Now and then he would answer, "Feller bought a two-cent stamp t'day, Aunt Het."

And always her reply would be, "You're the beatin'est man, Cap'n Dan. A body likes t' know what's goin' on."

The captain would chuckle and sit down to his meal.

On this, the night of the burglary, the old woman pressed for information.

"Willy-Tom Jordan said you had some o' them new city folks in th' store t'day 'n' they bought quite a lot o' things," she said.

"If Willy-Tom said so, it must be true. Seems 's if, next t' th' Almighty, he knows everything, Aunt Het."

"Willy-Tom enjoys a-findin' out what's goin' on in the world."

"Yes, and in everybody's house, too. He even hangs over back fences on wash days t' hear what wimmin are a-talkin' about. Never need a newspaper as long's Willy-Tom's with us. He's what I call a he-gossip."

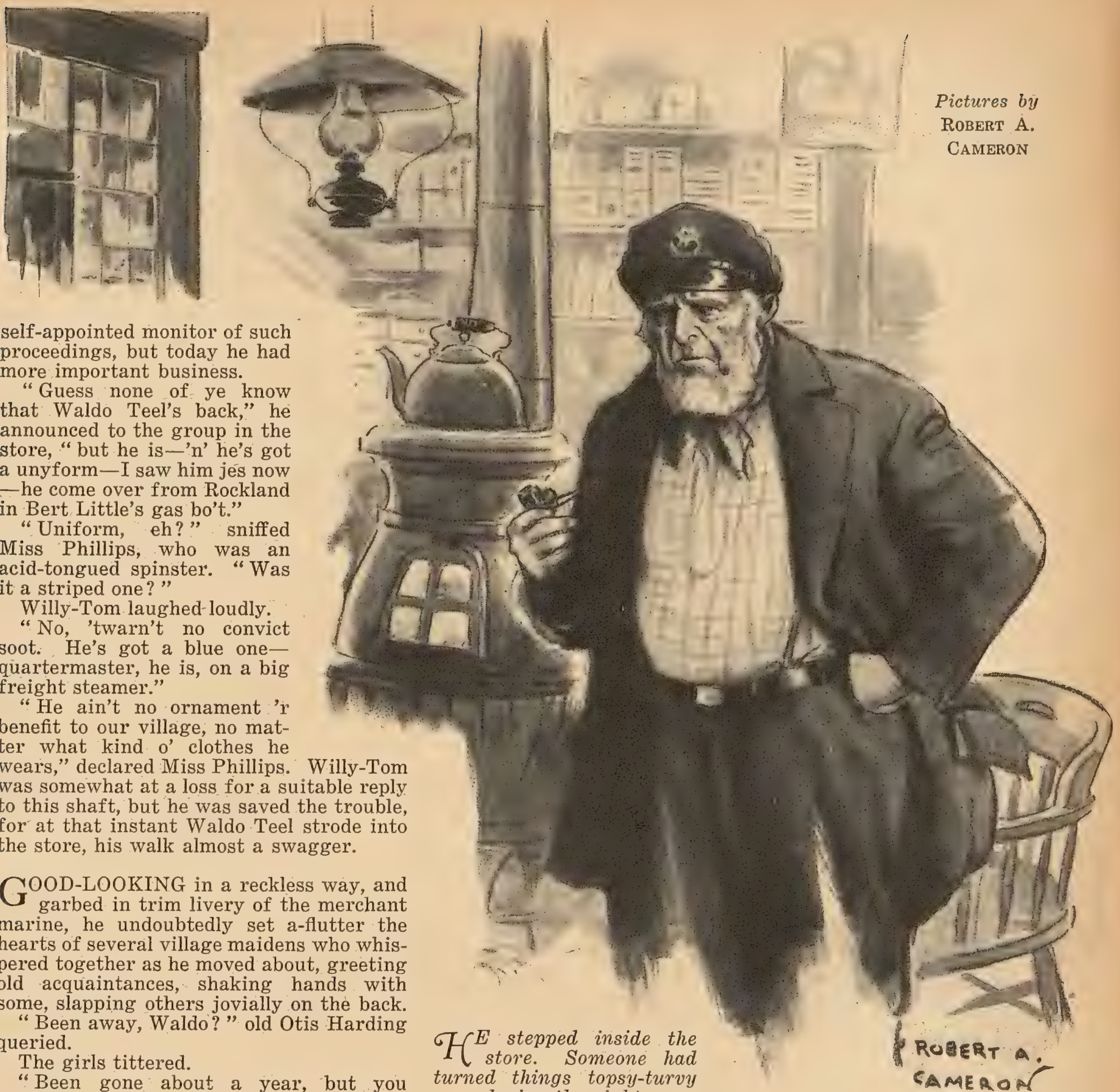
Cap'n Dan chuckled again. He was thinking of the sensation that would be created if Willy-Tom learned of what had taken place in the store.

The Saturdays came and went as usual, half a hundred of them. The villagers lived the same placid existence. The same summer sojourners were back at the same shore hotels and cottages. Willy-Tom was still finding out everything that was going on and relating it to all who would listen.

But during the year Cap'n Dan had made no mention of the burglary in his store or of the rifling of the little old safe in the post office.

On this Saturday afternoon Willy-Tom entered the store and for once did not sidle up to the wicket to see what manner of mail was being passed out to Nellie Phillips, village seamstress and milliner. Usually he was a

Pictures by
Robert A.
Cameron



HE stepped inside the store. Someone had turned things topsy-turvy during the night.

self-appointed monitor of such proceedings, but today he had more important business.

"Guess none of ye know that Waldo Teel's back," he announced to the group in the store, "but he is—'n' he's got a unyform—I saw him jes now—he come over from Rockland in Bert Little's gas bo't."

"Uniform, eh?" sniffed Miss Phillips, who was an acid-tongued spinster. "Was it a striped one?"

Willy-Tom laughed loudly.

"No, 'twarn't no convict soot. He's got a blue one—quartermaster, he is, on a big freight steamer."

"He ain't no ornament 'r benefit to our village, no matter what kind o' clothes he wears," declared Miss Phillips. Willy-Tom was somewhat at a loss for a suitable reply to this shaft, but he was saved the trouble, for at that instant Waldo Teel strode into the store, his walk almost a swagger.

GOOD-LOOKING in a reckless way, and garbed in trim livery of the merchant marine, he undoubtedly set a-flutter the hearts of several village maidens who whispered together as he moved about, greeting old acquaintances, shaking hands with some, slapping others jovially on the back.

"Been away, Waldo?" old Otis Harding queried.

The girls tittered.

"Been gone about a year, but you wouldn't know it. You've been dead ten years 'n' never found it out," the wanderer replied. This sally brought a general laugh and the old man was heard to mutter something about "Dam' upstart."

"It's a fact, though," continued Waldo. "Nothin' ever happens in a place like this. I'll bet there's been no news here since I left. Too slow for me. I like to see things 'n' go places. I've been around some, too, on this last voyage."

Cap'n Dan had come out from behind the mail boxes and was poking about in the pork barrel for a junk to fill the order of Jerry Blake, who lived on one of the islands down the bay.

"Hello there, Cap'n Dan," Waldo greeted.

"Hello, Waldo."

"Don't suppose I got any mail, have I?"

"Ain't seen nothin' since you been gone, Waldo, nor didn't see none addressed to you for some time before you left us."

"About all o' my mail comes t' Rockland, anyway, 'n' I had it forwarded from there to the different ports we touched. By the way, Cap'n Dan, did y' ever find out who robbed your store?"

Every head in the room was turned toward the speaker as he finished the question and Willy-Tom's mouth was so far agape that, as Nellie Phillips afterward said, "It seemed as though his chin hung down to the second button on his vest."

The captain had straightened up and was drying his hands on his white apron.

"Why, yes, Waldo. Yes, I did."

"That so? Who was it?"

"Wal, Waldo, seein' that my dog Major never's been known t' talk none, 'n' that he's the only one, aside from me, that knew about it, 'n' also that I ain't never talked about it no more'n Major has—why, seein' all that, I guess, Waldo, you jest admitted robbin' it yourself."

"You old fool—"

Cap'n Dan had a grip of iron on him then, and Ben Redman moved to help hold the struggling prisoner.

"In those travels o' yourn, when you went places 'n' seed things, Waldo, you never did visit Atlanta, did you?" asked the captain. "Wal, I cal'late you will now, 'cause stealin' gov'ment funds sort o' gives you a free ride down there."

Willy-Tom dashed madly out of the store. He was on his way to spread the news.

THE END

Vox

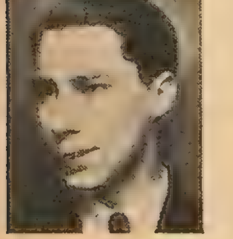
But Look Out if He Ever Tries to Pet

CHICAGO, ILL.—I don't often fling enthusiastic adjectives around, but I must now. I just can't help writing you that William Seabrook's two articles, "A King in Overalls" and "The Dance of the Hippos," were different and delightful. That scene in which Briolle, the dreaded "Colonel Crocodile," played his tin flute to a circle of appreciative hippos was a little gem.

Learning that hippos like music gave me an idea. When I play the piano, or try to, all my boy friends look bored. So I'm going to get a pet hippo, who will appreciate me. Then, instead of a few hundred pounds of bored manhood, I'll have just tons and tons of thrilled hippo! Confronted with such a choice, no girl would hesitate for a second.—*Helen the Piano-Slammer.*

What This Magazine Needs Is a Good Appraiser

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I always used to say, "What this country needs is a good five-cent magazine."



Seymour S. Steckler

Then I read Liberty. I perused each story carefully, procuring the greatest enjoyment each one had to offer. I read each article, watching for new and interesting points in each. I read your editorials, reaping the greatest benefit that was possible from them.

Now I say, "What this country needs is a good five-cent magazine."—*Seymour S. Steckler.*

Land Plus Brains Plus Work

PALATKA, FLA.—Who says you can't go back to the farm and make money? It all depends on how and what and where you farm. I know of an old German blacksmith in a Southern state who, seven years ago, didn't have a cent. He borrowed one hundred dollars and leased ten acres of ground about four miles from a city of about 16,000 population. He started to raise truck crops.

Today this man owns three hundred and fifty acres of the finest truck-growing land in that section, he owns two automobiles and several tractors, and has sixty-five acres under irrigation. He has a lovely country home and a piano and a radio and one of his sons is in a university studying agriculture. His income is about twelve thousand dollars per year.

How did he do it? He worked. His wife worked. His brother joined him and he worked. His children worked as soon as they were big enough. They got up early in the morning and worked till late at night. And, most important of all, they sold their crops intelligently.

Work plus brains did it. Their hands are as hard as a horse's hoof but their credit is good at the bank.

Ask a native-born American in the city to go out on the farm. "What, me? A farmer? Well, I should say not!" He is too good to work like that, he thinks.—*A. B. K.*

Just Answer One Out of Three and You'll Pass

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In one of your recent issues you title an article by Jay Franklin, "Does Al Smith Hold the Winning Cards?"

A little further on in the same issue you propound the following: "Did the Duckbill Ubangis' Manager Meet His End Through the Magic Juju of the Circus Savages?"

Still further on in that issue you ask: "And Where There Is Romance Who Cares About Depression?"

Now let me ask you one:

What do you think I am—an information bureau?—*B. B.*

P. S. I'm Bill Burton. At least, I think I am. You and your questions kind of rattle me.

Query from an Adamless Eden

TAMPA, FLA.—I read Margaret Douglas Winn's article, "I Want an Unkissed Daughter-in-Law." How many boys can marry an unkissed girl? Not many, you will say. Well, you are all wrong. There are many girls waiting to be kissed for the first time. But boys don't pay any attention to girls who don't pet, drink, or smoke.

I belong to a crowd of girls who have never been kissed or even had a date with a boy. We could have dates if we had a chaperon, but the boys don't seem to like this and, naturally, they don't pay any attention to us. Of course we could sneak out, but we were brought up with the idea that older people, such as parents, ought to be obeyed.

We are as good-looking as the average girl and some of us are prettier, but that doesn't help us any. Many girls take up petting and drinking because they are tired of being ignored and want to be paid attention. Can you blame them?—*Girl of Nineteen.*

O. K., But Why Isn't the Hair in the Photo Doing Its Stuff?

OTTAWA, ONT., CAN.—Many times I have been teetering on the verge of writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading your magazine. And now I'm slipping right over the verge, to inform you that I thought Beatrice Grimshaw's story, "Something Wicked," was a little bit of all right.

J. W. Currie

Miss Grimshaw can write, and she lives in the South Seas. Result: a combination of vividness and authenticity.

Believe me, that tale sure had my hair standing on end. Thank you, Liberty. Thank you, Miss Grimshaw!—*J. W. Currie.*

Read Him Again

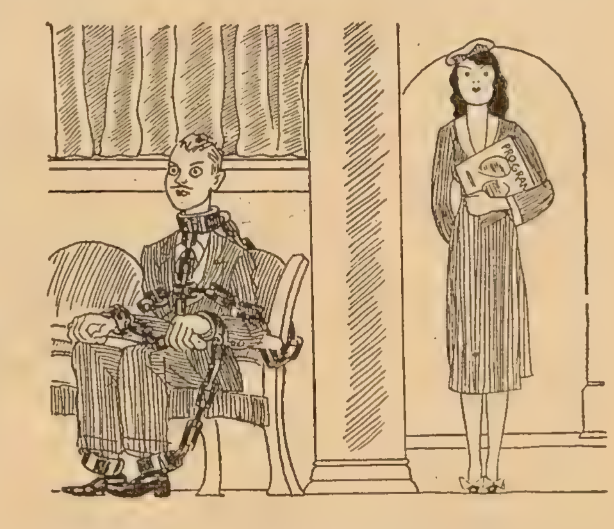
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Will you please publish a remedy for pains in the neck? I've been reading Jay Franklin again. Affectionately yours—*Jack.*

Conclusion After the Conclusion

REDKEY, IND.—After finishing the concluding installment of "A Chance at Heaven" I have decided that the only thing you can do to rescue Liberty is to turn the whole magazine over to Viña Delmar.—*J. S. Thornton.*

Yeah? Better Go There and Make Sure

RAYVILLE, LA.—Let me know when you have an open season on murdering critics. As for Frederick James Smith, if you pay him to use your columns, then you must be first in line. I could with ease of mind, and a big appetite afterward, push his head into the Atlantic three times and let it come up twice.



Giving four stars to "One Hour With You" was, to me, like giving a pair of red flannels to a big bull.

I'm through reading Liberty until you chain Smith to his seat and make him sit through his four-star pictures.

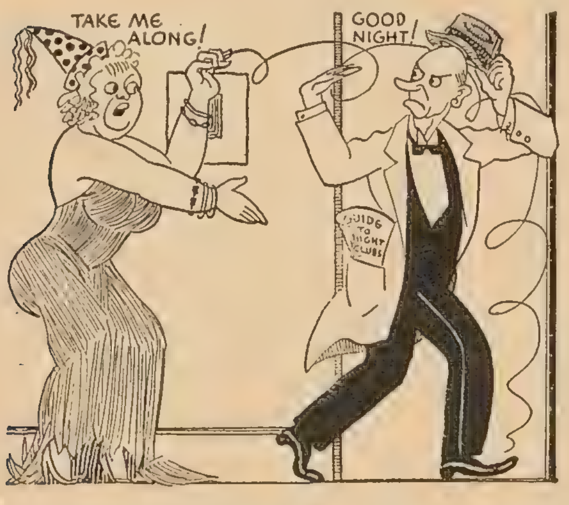
Have Smith and Napoleon Bonaparte change places. Yeah, I think I know where Napoleon is.—*W. O. Lang.*

Pop

Says a Wife or Two to Texas Guinan

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I am sure all the married women will be so grateful for the advice Texas Guinan gave them in her article, "How to Keep Your Husband Out of My Night Club." I can imagine many wives being killed in the rush for lipsticks and boxes of rouge and new dresses.

You can't make a good fireside companion out of a night-club bird. It's useless to try. Texas calls men "pretty monogamous animals." Well, if they were monogamous they wouldn't be in the night clubs.


TAKE ME ALONG!
GOOD NIGHT!
GUIDE TO NIGHT CLUBS

Don't be silly, Texas, advising wives and mothers what to do and telling us that, if we follow up that advice, our husbands might possibly take us along to the night clubs. Not a chance. No thrill. Same old shape in a new glad rag.

Don't cheapen decent womanhood any more than has been done. Keep your advice, Texas.—*One Woman.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—With all due credit to Texas Guinan, what a woman whose husband goes to night clubs needs isn't advice, but a new husband.

She wouldn't take the advice in the first place.

In the second place it wouldn't do any good if she did take it, because suckers are born, not made.—*K. Rodlay.*

Why Statesmen Can't Answer the Call for Statesmen

NATCHITOCHES, LA.—I was plumb stunned—yes, locoed—when I read your editorial, "Why We Lack Great Leaders."

I admire your nerve.

Yes, it's true that instead of a democratic we have a misrepresentative form of government. Leaders today are selected by the interests that supply the campaign funds. All the avenues of information are controlled, largely, by these same interests, and should the common people become intelligent enough to select a real statesman for a leader, it would be a very dangerous proceeding for the statesman. Should he be caught this side of the Russian border he would soon be dressed in a new suit with horizontal stripes.

Yes, this old American cow, the U. S. Treasury, has been milked continuously since Washington's day. This old cow has never gone dry and has never missed a milking.

Well, you know, in Uncle George's time it was like trying to get milk from a longhorn Texan, and a stripper at that. And, right there and then, certain interests began to breed that old cow up. Today she has pretty nearly reached the pure-bred class. A recent milking went into the two-billion class. Future historians will refer to it as the Hoover Sensation. Our trouble seems to be, we are financially ridden by financiers.

I do not claim to be a statesman, or a son of a statesman. I may be a nitwit. But, if I had the power, I do think I could block the schemes that rob and plunder the public of huge sums of money, and start the wheels of industry.

All the workers need is free access to the machinery of production and distribution and they will soon be independent.—*W. Lee Greene.*

Duck-Billed Girls for Good Digestion!

SARASOTA, FLA.—I got my stand copy of Liberty and sat down to some good reading. I mean by this the kind that makes me digest a meal the best.

Joseph Lord

Well, I found such reading in "The Strange Death of Dr. Bergonier."

That article about the duck-billed women of the Ubangis, with their enormous, weighted lips, was one of the best I have read. Hope nobody who likes good stuff missed it. The author, Alan Hynd, is what I call a real writer.—*Joseph Lord.*

Aren't You "Soft to the Touch" Too, if They Live Off You?

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I seldom read Liberty; it seems so silly. What's this bootless Vox Pop discussion as to whether it's a woman's or a man's world? One of your Hollywood correspondents seems to think it's either one or the other, depending upon the way you look at it, regardless of the facts.

Well, I can settle that right now: It's a man's world, always has been, and always will be! Women are the inferior sex, pleasing to the eye and soft to the touch, but of low mentality and no serious purpose.

Living off man by guile and subterfuge, shirking their natural duties and painting their lips during office hours, they have no place in the stern field of modern industry.—*Jack Evans.*

Haven't They Taken Enough?

CHICAGO, ILL.—After a thorough study of our present condition I would like to submit, along with many of your writers, Vox Poppers and editorial writers, my solution for saving our great country from whatever is going to happen to it. Remember that it was only after reading all the thousands of articles printed about it that I came to this little conclusion.

The solution is: Give the country back to the Indians—*if they'll take it.*—*Kennie Feuer.*

The Dental Department

NORFOLK, VA.—This for Les'. I have admired your covers from the first. I have crushed all critics within my hearing. And now you throw me down, on two recent covers, by giving us two toothless girls. For the Love o' Lil, save me! Put some teeth in your girls' faces.—*Big Foot.*

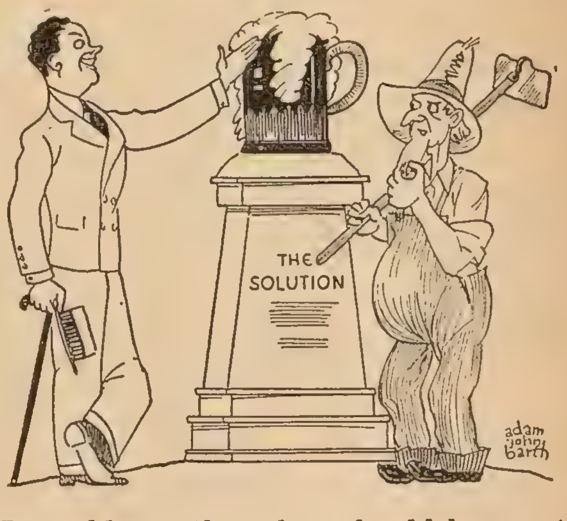
A City Man Pleads with Farmers

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why should the government continue to appropriate money for the relief of our farmers and planters?

The great majority of these classes vote consistently for prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment.

They are, in effect, depriving the federal government of 675 million dollars annually in custom and internal revenue, and, in the wet states and cities, of not less than 400 millions additional in excise taxes, and are limiting their own market for corn, rye, hops, and other grains.

If their stand on prohibition is due to their moving in a higher, a more ethereal moral plane than the rest of us, I would say that they should be sports enough not to kick if the government taxes them out of house and home.



At least they should not expect us sons of Belial to dig down in our pockets year after year to pay taxes to be appropriated for the help of a special and narrow-minded class who will not help themselves. Give us an article or an editorial, Liberty, driving home this point.—*John Enright.*

Beating Depression with ONE-CENT Meals

A Heartfelt—and Full-Fed—Appreciation of Macfadden Foundation's Pioneer Penny Restaurant

(*Reading time: 4 min. 25 sec.*)

By WARD VERNON

FOR some while my heart has joined in the applause of thousands of others who I am sure have been kept alive both in body and soul by the most intelligent handling of certain fundamentals; and now I make a bid for a housetop, wishing to make articulate some of these "Bravos!" which rise toward Bernarr Macfadden, the man who is making the penny famous.

What he is doing is not a publicity stunt or charity: it is a break for a hungry man. And the opportunity for such a break seems to me fundamental in any sound social planning. For in how many men's lives there comes a time when such a chance determines whether he goes under or is bridged over the moment of his debacle!

In the One-Cent Restaurant of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation I found such a bridge.

I was feeling rotten; at the end of my rope; hanging on stupidly to the last few dollars I possessed.

More than two years before, I had set myself a goal: that of a playwright who was good enough for producers to risk failure with; or, better, good enough to touch the tastes of his fellow kind. So I had given up everything else and embarked naïvely upon a sea of troubles.

I did not discover until I had written three plays that no one loves an unknown playwright.

At the end of the first year what little money I had or could command was exhausted. At the end of the first half of the third year it was no longer a question of being a playwright: it had become a question of being.

VITAL FOOD ONLY
1¢ RESTAURANT 1¢
BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

The first One-Cent Restaurant with eager customers gathered outside the door.

And thus it is I want to take off my hat to Bernarr Macfadden.

The dollar has the concern of the international bankers, the national money lenders, and all those leaders who seem neither to know, nor to care to know, anything about rock-bottom fundamentals. Take food, for instance. These leaders apparently think that wheat was made for fuel. Otherwise, surely they would not permit the burning of it just to keep up its dollar value, when hungry men, women, and children cry for bread. So when we find a leader who is reclaiming the food value of wheat and who opens a place where you can go in and buy a dish of good, healthy, well cooked food for a penny, it is indeed prosperity to those of us who have no pile of dollars.

Imagine being able to go into a restaurant, a perfectly normal cafeteria, where you can buy good food at a cent a dish and where for six cents you can enjoy a meal which walks you on to the street again happy and full. Most likely you would say just what I did: "If one man can do it, why can't others?"

Let us go into the one on Third Avenue just north of Thirty-fourth Street in New York City. It has a nice entrance; the outside is clean; the inside cleaner. The room is amply equipped with high tables at which men and women stand quietly eating. The first general impression dispels whatever misgivings you may have had; and from the way the eaters seem to relish the food, you are all the more anxious to get to the serving table.

The first thing that impresses you here is the abundance of the help, their intelligence and their unpatronizing attention. You notice the menu of Vital Foods. The single price of $.01 after each item assures you that you cannot make a very serious mistake.

First you come to soups: green or yellow pea soup. If the bowl is any smaller than the average ten-cent soup bowl, I could not see it. Then you come to cereals. Cracked wheat is delicious, and, I understand, an especially health-giving food. But the corn meal with plenty of brown sugar is the dish that won first place in my appetite. Milk for either of these dishes may be had for another cent. But even without milk the corn meal and brown sugar is as tasty a dish as one could ask for.

NEXT you come to the beverages: raisin coffee and milk-and-honey tea. The former seemed very popular; but it was the milk and honey which won my admiration. It is milk and honey in more than one sense. And so, "Prosit!" to the founder of the restaurant, for such a drink shows succinctly the natural poetry of the man.

Passing the beverages, we come to bread and butter: two pieces of fresh whole-wheat bread for a cent; and a pat of real creamery butter for another. For desserts there are prunes or raisins, plenty of the latter or more than three of the former—again, for one cent. Then the man at the cash register counts up your dishes and you pay as many pennies. On top of a modern water filter are glasses, "silverware," and paper napkins. Securing these and going to a table, you are well prepared to enjoy a good meal of healthful, well cooked, vital, and fundamental food, which has neither been thrown at you nor given to you.

Whether or not the penny actually pays the full value of the food it buys is a matter of conjecture; but the fact that you buy it is what gives a lift to the spirit.

If there was no rent, it is quite possible the penny price could carry the other expenses. Would it not be sound sociology for all states to provide rent-free places for such restaurants? There is no suggestion here that the populace either will, can, or would care to subsist altogether on one-cent restaurants; but these restaurants could ably tide over people in temporary distress.

And so it is that prosperity came to a playwright via the One-Cent Restaurant of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation. For not so long after I was thus bridged over the end of my rope, my luck began to change for the better, and I attribute my present prosperity to the man who is making the penny real money.

THE END

To the LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

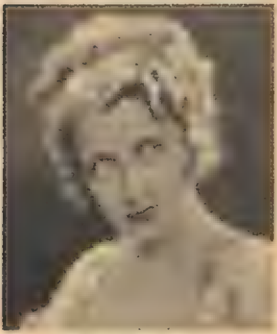
linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 43 seconds.)

ONCE upon a time life really was a bowl of cherries to Ruth Etting. She picked cherries for the first money she ever earned. Now, as you know, she sings blues over the radio; is famous that way.

Don't look for any connection between her cherry-picking and blues-singing. They don't connect. Neither do they seem to tie up with some of her other accomplishments—she's a mouse expert, if you please!

Ruth knows all about mice. She can tell you all sorts of unknown mouse lore.



Ruth Etting

"I'm not stage-struck," she told me. "What I want most of all is to live in the country and get up early. I love the early morning hours, but not the way we have them in New York. I want to *get* up for them—not stay up for them."

Blonde, blue-eyed Ruth Etting comes from a Nebraska family of German millers. Is sorry they did not teach her German. That's one of her few regrets. She had a swell country childhood. Kept all her toys—has every one of them today. Started out to be a fashion designer but got sidetracked to the stage. Sang in six Ziegfeld shows. Thence to the radio. Intends to go back to Nebraska and live on her grandpa's farm when she's through singing blues.

MONEY and love get mixed up so much nowadays that I think this story may surprise you, as it did me. It is the true-life story of a poor girl who tried her best to keep love and money apart.

She was a working girl—a governess. One day she met a very rich man. He fell in love with her. In his early forties, he was interesting, well bred, handsome enough, and extremely wealthy.

As men go, he was a wonderful "catch." He asked her to marry him. She refused. "I like you," she said, "but I am not in love with you. I *must* be in love with the man I marry."

Everyone told her how silly she was. Her family tried to persuade her, and so did her friends. She stuck to her guns.

She was genuinely convinced that marriage without love can never be the real thing, no matter how much money goes with it.

Soon after this she fell in love with a young man as poor as herself. They were crazy about each other; they became engaged.

Then her rich admirer made one last attempt. He said his doctor had told him that he had not long to live. "Marry me," he begged. "I can't live more than a year or two at most. I'll leave my entire fortune to you. When I am gone you will be free to marry the man you love. My money will make you both comfortable for the rest of your lives."

"I don't love you," she said. "I can't do it."

She married her poor young man. A year later her rich suitor died—just as he had predicted that he would. How her friends and family upbraided her then! "See!" they exclaimed. "If you had taken our advice you would now be free—and rich!"

She, too, was human enough to feel a twinge of regret. Then came the big surprise. Her rich lover's will left every dollar to her. "To the girl," his testament said, "who refused to sell out her ideals."

THE new Spanish government is trying to get away from "old Spanish customs." In particular is the new government trying to wean the public from the old custom of not taking baths. Young enthusiasts, investigating for the new Republic of Spain, have found that a bath a month is the highest score they can claim as a nation.

According to their survey of Europe, this is a pretty good record. The average French citizen, they estimate, takes two and three-quarters baths per year.

I am interested in the method pursued by the Spanish bath movement. In their propaganda they tell their people to follow the example set by the ancient Greeks and Romans. They don't say a word about modern Americans—and we, as everyone knows, are the world's greatest bath-takers. Why don't they tell their people to follow *our* example? That, of course, would be acknowledging American leadership—a thing no European will do.

THE young man trying to get along—you all know him—you'll find him cleverly exposed in Louis Bromfield's new novel, A Modern Hero. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

A COUPLE of roses, artificial or real, are being tucked through a strap on the hand bags of smart Paris women. This latest trick from the French boulevards is charming for evening.

TOMATO baskets filled with scrambled eggs were served at luncheon recently by a French friend of mine. They were so pretty that everyone exclaimed over them. The French, I find, make better use of eggs than we do—especially for luncheon dishes. To make these tomato baskets, choose firm tomatoes of medium size. Cut a slice off the top and half hollow them out. Take out the seeds. Put a small lump of butter in each tomato. Set them in a pan with a little butter and a couple of tablespoons of water, and cook 10 minutes in a medium oven. They must be cooked, but *must* retain their shape.

When they are ready, fill them with the scrambled eggs, to which a little chopped pimiento has been added. To make scrambled eggs creamy, add 1 raw egg at the last minute. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and lay a ring of sautéed green pepper on top.

WILD

A Woman in Bondage—The Secret Jane's Lover Did Not Tell—Sheriff Henter's Little Deal—Black Mac Gets Ready to Strike—Strange Sounds in a Dark Room

Pictures by
Delos Palmer

(Reading time: 35 min. 15 sec.)

THIS is a story of lawlessness and love in Sweet Waters Valley, where Black MacDonald and his gang were trying to terrorize John Gleason into abandoning his ranch. Even Jane, Gleason's daughter, was mysteriously shot at. Equally mysterious was Jane's coming upon a wounded stranger. The man was fear-haunted. Jane hid him in a cave where, secretly nursing him, she learned to love him. While buying small gifts for him she encountered MacDonald's woman, who, on hearing Jane's name, collapsed.

PART FIVE—A GIRL'S DILEMMA

THE storekeeper, who had been waiting upon Black Mac's woman, ran hastily around and put his hands under her armpits. " Get me some water, Jake," he told the clerk swiftly. " Goin' to faint, I'm 'fraid. . . . Hold up, Mrs. MacDonald. It'll be all right. Get you a drink. Dizzy? Here, let me take off your bonnet."

As if she were galvanized to returning life, the woman clapped her long, dark, work-worn hands to her head.

" No," she said in a hoarse whisper. " No—no! All right now. Dizzy—yes. Sun, I guess. Touch o' sun. Be all right. Right smart warm t'day."

She struggled gauntly to her feet with the aid of the storekeeper's arm about her, searched for a pocket in the folds of her skirt, and bringing out a blue bandanna handkerchief wiped her invisible face with it.

She took the tin cup of water which the clerk brought and drank it. Her hands trembled exceedingly.

" Better set down a while, Mrs. Mac. Gimme your list an' I'll make up th' order from it," the anxious proprietor urged.

But she was built of sterner stuff than that, Black Mac's woman, and she shook her head, holding herself erect by the counter with one bony hand while she took up her ordering in that strange, low, throaty voice; a voice as tragic as her unseen face. Meanwhile Jane Gleason, hearing the storekeeper call her Mrs. MacDonald, had stiffened in her tracks in that first shocked moment. All the fear, the anxiety, the hatred which the name evoked flowed over her for a startled space. And then the hatred melted in a flood of pity for the gaunt creature. At the first sound of her voice the girl seemed to sense her tragedy, her barren life, her thankless slavery. A strange sympathy swelled

HEARTS

By VINGIE E. ROE

in her, an urgent desire to help. She went up the store and stopped by the tall figure.

"I—I hope—you feel better," Jane said gently. "I fainted once, when I got badly hurt. It's awful. Would you like another drink? Can I get you one?"

She laid her hand softly on the long arm beneath the calico sleeve, and was shocked by its hard thinness. She felt something else, also—the sudden strained tenseness which turned it into a thing as lifeless as a piece of wood.

Black Mac's woman did not speak. She merely stood as she had been when Jane touched her, looking down at the list in her hand—and Jane saw that it was inside out and that it shook piteously.

"Come on; sit down a little while," she urged.

And then the woman spoke: "No—miss. I—I'll be all right. I—thank you, miss."

Reluctantly Jane dropped her hand.

"That'll be all," she told the clerk. "I'll be out at the car—tell the boys when they come in."

As Jane Gleason walked from the store, Black MacDonald's woman turned and, for the first time in the storekeeper's knowledge of her, looked directly at another person.

Until the last flutter of the girl's light dress had disappeared around the open door, until the last sound of her feet on the hollow boards of the porch had sunk to silence, she stood so, the hand that held the folded paper of her list still stiffly lifted.

Wondering, the storeman held his peace. But he took the paper gently from her, and this time she made no resistance.

An hour later when MacDonald himself came blustering in she was still standing by the counter, the poke of her bonnet lowered in its usual meek fashion. But when he spoke to her she did not answer. At his savage prod she roused and gave him some reply, but her voice was dull and lifeless and it seemed to come from some far place of the spirit where he could never follow.

II

"JOHN," said Jane the next morning at breakfast, "I saw MacDonald's wife. She was in the store at Maulin."

"Yes?" said the boss uninterestedly. "There were better things to look at in the town, I make no doubt."

"Maybe," said Jane, "but I—I feel sorry for her."

"Sorry? For a woman who'd live with a man like Black Mac?"

"I know. But there's something about her—something pitiful and cowed. Like she didn't dare say her soul was her own. You've seen people like that, haven't you?"

"Sure. Several in my life. The little Mexican ranchers in south Texas, for instance. Afraid any day that the cattle kings would drive by them—over them—leaving their land bare of stock. I know the look."

"Well, this woman's got it. And she's from south Texas, too, or I'm a long

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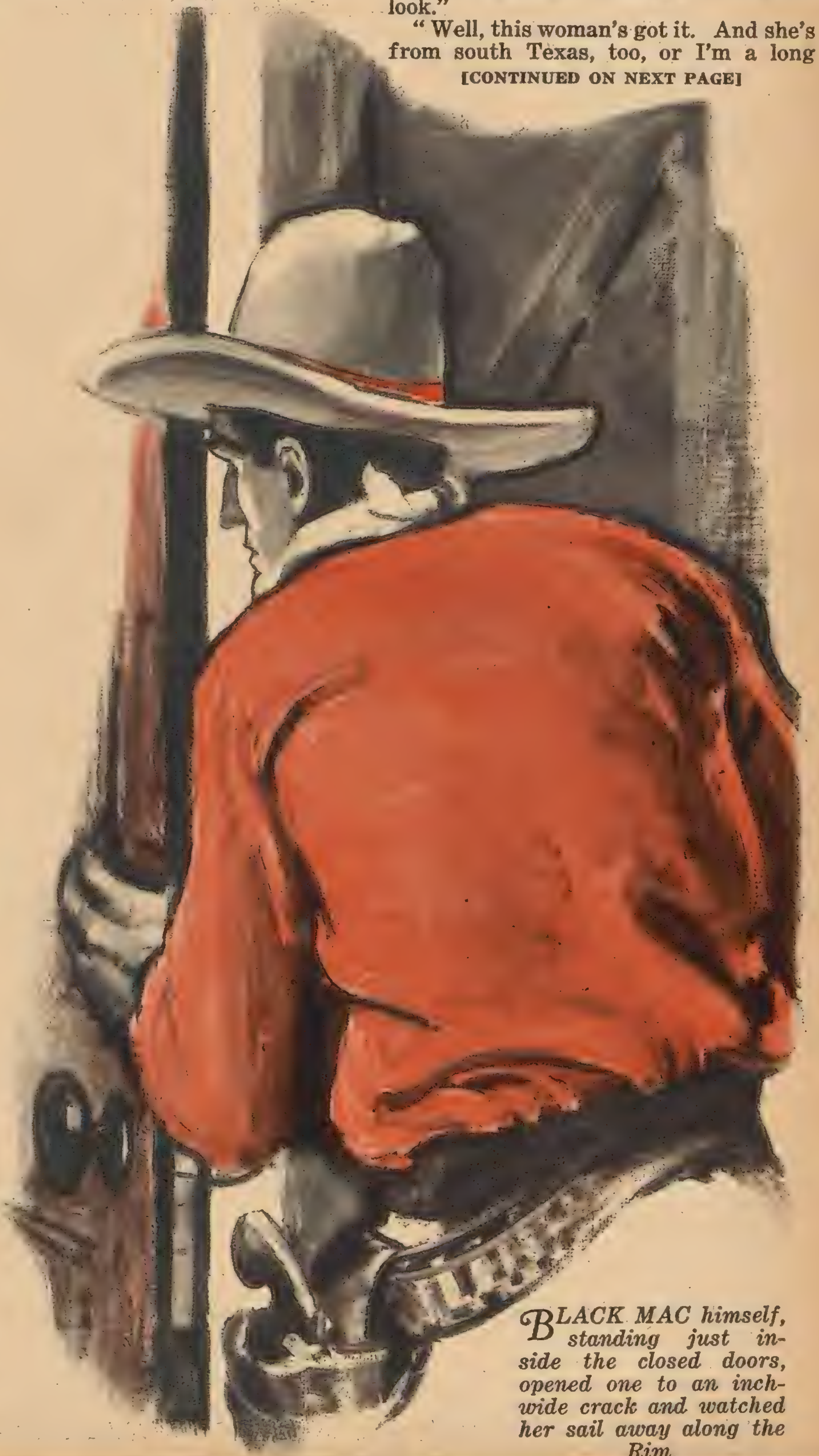


BLACK MAC himself, standing just inside the closed doors, opened one to an inch-wide crack and watched her sail away along the Rim.

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three

way off. You remember the calico dresses the women used to wear down there? And the funny old sunbonnets with the frilled tails and slatted pokes?"

"Yes."

Boss John spoke shortly. Any mention of those early days on the border always closed his lips, sent him moving restlessly.

But Jane persisted.

"She's built like a Texas woman, too—tall and lank and stooped a little in the shoulders. Hard work, I take it, and Black Mac's cruelty. That woman's a tragedy if ever there was one."

"How can you be so sure, girl? Such people as Black Mac and his gang—yes, and their women—are of a certain type. Hard, common. Cutthroats, every one of them, at heart. Don't waste your sympathy."

"But I know," said Jane profoundly. "I have a feeling."

"Well, it makes little difference to us, I guess. If you want to feel sorry for her, that's your business. Only don't let me ever hear of any contact with her—not ever, anywhere. I give you a free hand in all things. But when it comes to that bunch of murderers and their hangers-on"—he stopped and looked at her straightly, and there was in his face suddenly the old bitter hatred—"when it comes to them and their kind, I'd disown any child of mine who truckled with them."

Jane looked back at him, and for the first time in her life fear of her father flooded over her.

Their kind!

What kind was the man in Old Coyote's Cave? A cold sweat broke on Jane's forehead; her hands closed unconsciously, the fingers working in the palms. Why, oh, why had life seen fit to bring her love in such a vessel? Why was she so helpless in its grip? How could she so fiercely yearn over one who, by his own confession, was utterly unworthy?

She did not know. It was as Belle said—a woman had no choice. She loved, and there was no escape.

So she turned her eyes miserably away from her father's face; and Boss John, for the first time in *his* life, turned back, as he was leaving, to search her features closely. A puzzled look was in that piercing gaze, a shade of astonishment, of reluctant suspicion.

"Look here, child," he said slowly. "What has happened to you? There's something in your face that I don't like. Are you softening toward our enemies because you've seen a slattern woman with a sunbonnet on?"

"If you think so, John," said Jane, "wait till the time comes for settlement, as we all know it is coming, and I'll ride at your side every inch of the way!"

Reassured, John Gleason stooped and kissed her on the forehead—for the second time since she could remember.

THAT was a bad day for Jane. She spent most of it in her room, and she who was no yielder to moods did a deal of crying with her face buried in her pillows.

Belle found her so at noon, and brought her a cloth wet in cold water to bathe her swollen eyes. "Your Sam Four Sleeps, he no die?" she asked incredulously.

"No—but I wish *I* could!" the girl cried tempestuously. "I'm a traitor and an outlaw myself! I've deceived my father, my brothers, the boys who stand by us in our trouble. Oh, Belle!"

"Not all," said Belle gravely. "Boss John, yes. An' Barb an' Steve and Sammy. All yes. Bob, no."

"*What?*" cried Jane, springing up and staring at Belle, white to the lips. "*What?*"

"That Bob Salters, he quiet, like Indian. Know much, say little. He look at your back—like Charlie Stilltongue look at Boss John."

"My heaven!" whispered Jane. "Does he—do you think he knows?"

"Not all," said Belle, "but some."

"What some?"

"That Gray Hawk come in warm. Last time you come in, I wait. Been watch his eyes at table. Dogs no out, all still. But I wait. Bob he go, very soft, from shadow stable over to bunkhouse—after you in your room."

"Oh, my heaven!" Jane gasped. "Why didn't you tell me this, Belle?"

"Think better wait little bit. You no go tonight. Better go now, today, like nothing matter when you go. Go north, too, or south in valley."

"But I can't get on the sage from the north, and only if I use Black MacDonald's trail at the south. Do I dare do that?"

"You dare let Bob Salters catch you?"

"No," said Jane, thinking desperately. "No. I don't know how to figure Bob in such a case. He—he loves me, you know. But he wouldn't tell Boss John? I—I couldn't stand that, Belle!"

"Bob no tell," said Belle with shrewd conviction. "He like too well Boss John. Like him like father. Bob no hurt Boss John—not even for you."

"You sure?"

"Dead sure. But no can tell what that Bob Salters do to you. He one strong man. Good man, like Bill Jacks, but strong man too."

SO Jane saddled Gray Hawk and rode south that afternoon, down Sweet Waters Valley. And she was acutely conscious that Bob, who was busy as usual getting ready to go look after some bunch of Boss John's cattle on their guarded range, watched her under his hat brim as long as she was in sight.

It was a long way down to where Black Mac's trail crossed the southern end of the valley, to ascend the sharp and narrow way that had been literally cut in the face of the forbidding Wall, going up at an angle across its weathered stone precipice.

Jane Gleason had seen it many times from the valley's floor, but she had never gone up or down it, having no reason or desire to trespass on MacDonald's range. Now, however, she approached it boldly. It was a shorter trail than Hanging Road by reason of its very steepness, and before she wished, so magnificent was the scene below, she had reached the Rim rock and come out upon the high levels.

Black Mac's sheet-iron hut where he kept his two cars was near the mouth of the trail. She passed close to it as she turned north and loped away.

The feeling of joy in her heart would have fled had she known that Black Mac himself, standing just inside the closed doors, opened one to an inch-wide crack and watched her sail away along the Rim.

At Signal Rock, far to the north, she dismounted and crept down along the narrow ledge. Eagerness and anxiety, and the choking joy of seeing again the face that had become so much a part of her, hurried her feet. As she stooped to enter, only the joy remained, enhanced tremendously. For her Sam Four Sleeps was sitting comfortably up against the farther wall, his black hair smoothed to unwonted neatness, his disreputable clothing brushed and buttoned as well as a weak man's hands could do it.

"Oh!" cried Jane rapturously. "You're better!"

"I'll tell the world I am!" he answered, smiling. "Didn't I say I'd make a fight—after all you've done for me?"

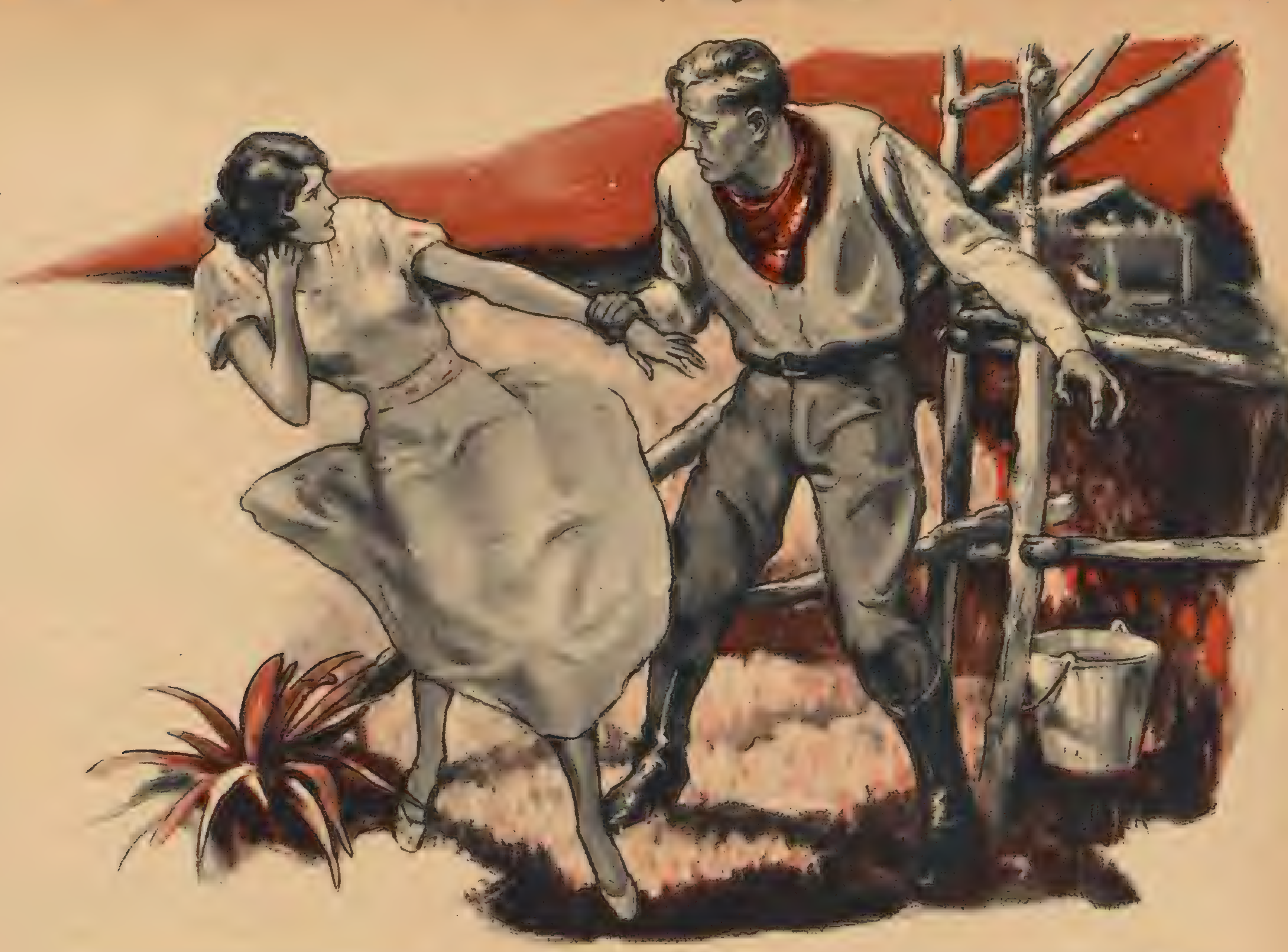
"And I've been away so long! But I couldn't help it. You know that, don't you?"

"I know anything you tell me is the naked truth," he said gravely, his black eyes on her face.

"I had to go to Maulin for my father. And I had to be more careful than usual—I'll have to be hereafter—for one of our boys is watching me."

The man leaning against the cave's wall sat up sharply—too sharply, as the twisting of his face attested.

"That's bad. For you. I must not let you get in bad with your own people for a worthless piece of flotsam. You've already done more than any man has a right to hope for at a woman's hands, even a—a man-here-



Bob leaped and caught her arm. "Don't fear! I'll never bring it out to break an old man's heart."

abouts. I'm an outsider. We'll have to take precautions."

"We will. But let's not talk about that now. Let's be happy for a while. I've got something for you—if you'll turn your head until I get it."

He obediently closed his eyes, smiling, and Jane fished from the inside of her shirt various small articles which she had brought from the town. "Lookit!" she said triumphantly. "What do you think of these?"

When he looked, his eyes remained so long fastened on the little heap of gifts that Jane's gay face sobered.

"Don't you care?" she asked presently. "Not for any of them?"

He raised his gaze then, and the handsome eyes were stricken with some deep emotion.

"Care?" he said huskily. "Oh, Jane!"

It was the first time he had called her by her given name, and she laughed happily.

"I care so much that—that I'm sick with caring! Let's have them all. Cigarettes! God, how I've ached for a smoke! But don't, for pity's sake, tell me you've forgotten matches. I couldn't stand that!"

"NOPE," said Jane inelegantly; "I didn't forget. Here." She struck a match on its little box and held it for him. He drew a deep draft of the fragrant smoke into his starved lungs and looked at her.

"There's no other woman like you on this earth," he said lowly. "They broke the mold when you were made."

"The average woman is just like me," said Jane. "Forget it."

"Never. But what's in the little box? And the package?"

"Open them and find out."

"A razor!" he exclaimed. "And chocolate bars! And soap! Oh, woman! You're looking to the future already—to my rehabilitation."

"Sure I am," said Jane. "What do you think I pulled you through for—to let you slump now?"

He was silent a long time, turning the match box in his fingers, his thin nostrils spreading with the inhalations. Presently—"Jane," he said, "I guess the time has come for talk. I owe you my life—such as it is—and what I have to face with you must be faced."

"Oh, no!" cried Jane. "Oh, no! Not now! Not yet!"

All the happiness, all the lightness, had left her face. A keen distress was there instead. Her dark eyes searched his, and for a moment he met them somberly.

Then he looked down, drawing little arabesques in the sandy floor of the cave with the match box's corner.

"AS you wish," he said at last, sighing. "God knows how I'll bear telling you—and what must follow. I've met my Waterloo, all right, in you."

"In me? Why?"

"Oh, can't you see?" he cried desperately. "Can't you see the gulf between us? Don't you know we're as far apart as the poles? That I should never even touch your hand? That when you know what I am you'll turn from me, that you'll hate yourself for saving me—for—for giving those kisses which saved my life as much as all your Indian medicine? I'd die on the cross to have you for my own—and I'd die on the cross forever if I did."

Jane's throat swelled, the tiny interior of Old Coyote's Cave blurred to her vision, and next moment she had bent forward with her face in her hands and begun to weep as she had never wept in all her life before.

For a long time he let her cry, saying nothing, watching her with haggard eyes. The cigarette died in his fingers. Then he moved forward and, gathering her into his arms, hid her face on his breast.

"Jane, Jane!" he whispered brokenly. "My heart's darling—my everlasting love."

For an unmeasured space he held her so, staring above her head out to that vast blue space above the sunken valley, and verily a little bit of him died, was crucified on that cross of the spirit of which he had spoken. Presently he raised her swollen face and kissed her as a mother might kiss an ailing child, so gently, so tenderly, that Jane wept afresh, clinging to him.

"I don't know what it is," she said between her sobs,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

"but something dark is between us. Something that threatens us! Something that scares me!"

"Shall I tell you? Now?" he asked.

"No!" screamed Jane, horrified. "I could not bear it! Kiss me—hold me. Never let me go! Never! Never!"

A little later she rose from where she had knelt beside him, wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, smoothed her wrinkled shirt front where the tears had dripped.

"Whatever you have done, or been, is past," she said. "I am concerned only with your future. You and that are mine. I mean to keep them both."

He looked up at her, his gaze deep and somber, his white face piteous in its desperate shame.

"Only you of all the world," he murmured. "No one but you would speak like that."

"I'll be back as soon as I can," Jane told him, "and bring you more water and things to eat. Remember this covenant."

"As if I could forget—ever—though I lived to be a million! Good-by, darling. And don't fret about me. I'll be O. K."

Jane dropped to her knees again and, putting her arms around his neck, kissed him hungrily, fiercely. Then she climbed the narrow trail to where Gray Hawk waited on the levels.

III

THAT line of men who had followed Ben Sask's body to the railroad station comprised a fair-sized part of the town of Maulin. Their opinion meant something, and that opinion was coming fairly frankly out in the open.

"Have you found any clue to who killed that rider of John Gleason's?" they asked the sheriff on this corner and that.

"Eh—not yet. Not yet we haven't," Henter replied always. "Looking into it, though."

"Yeah? How?" one of the younger men wanted to know pointedly.

There was an insolence in this question that angered Henter.

"How? How does any officer look into a crime? By keeping his eyes open."

"Nobody's eyes were wide enough open to see into the little matter of Jed Barstow's murder. Don't look as if they'll see any farther into this one."

"Young man," said the sheriff hotly, his thin nostrils flaring above the long mustache, "if I hear any more such talk out of you I'll put you under arrest."

"Can't do it, Henter," said the mild voice of little Mr. Stead the coroner, who, passing at the moment, had been halted by the words. "Can't arrest a man for asking questions. It's a country of free speech, you know."

"Is that so?" said the sheriff, so coldly that several bystanders edged closer. "And since when have you constituted yourself the district attorney?"

"Not constituting myself anything, but I'm a good deal like young Pete here. I been wondering, too, what your office has done about the Sask case. You haven't given out any news to your constituents who put you there, that I know of, about it. Didn't even go up to Cedar Roughs to ask Black Mac what he knew of the affair, did you?"

"Why, you—you damned little poke-nose!" cried the other. "I've a good mind to throw you in along with Pete Smith!"

"Wouldn't advise you to try it. Give too much publicity to th' fact that you're touchy on the point of who killed that rider! And for another thing—you sure you could do it?"

At the laugh which followed, the thin and biting laughter of derision and suspicion, the sheriff turned on his heel and elbowed through the small crowd which had gathered.

"There's something damn' funny about him," said that young Pete Smith who had started the controversy. "I saw him havin' a hell of an interested conversation with Black Mac round behind th' blacksmith shop th' last time MacDonald was in town. What does th' sheriff need to go behind buildings for when he wants to talk? Tell me that!"

"Because Black Mac don't talk with anyone in the open," another man answered. "And if Black Mac says talk, why, the sheriff talks—any place, any time."

"You're right," a third cut in. "And we're not the only ones who're watchin' Sheriff Henter. I know of several things which don't look any too sweet. For one—do any of you fellows know that day before yesterday he bought the Spade Bit Range from the Whipple people? For eighty thousand *cash?*"

"*What?*"

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"You sure of that?"

"Dead sure. The deal was put through by my wife's cousin, the lawyer, up in The Dalles. Quite a ways off, you see. Nobody here'd know about it for a long time, if it just hadn't happened to be that that particular lawyer was our relation. Wife wrote it to my wife right off."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the former speaker softly; and then: "Where did Sheriff Henter get eighty thousand dollars—in cash?"

"Yes, where? I guess that ain't food for thought, eh?"

"Plenty," said Pete Smith. "A plenty!"

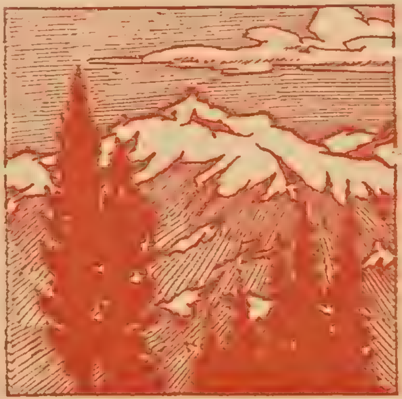
"We can't impeach our sheriff, men," said the calm and careful Stead, "just because he happens to have bought himself some rangeland. He may have had a legacy from someone in the East. He came from somewhere off from here, you know."

"Um-m—yes," said young Pete, thinking back. "Along about the time Black MacDonald did. Nine years ago. Just about."

"Pretty good memory you have, boy," said Mr. Stead, smiling. "It was just exactly nine years ago next month. And MacDonald had been here two months when Henter blew in."

"Henter went up fast, too," said Carston, the man who had damned himself. "Wasn't he on the town council that first year?"

"Yes. We all wondered how he got there, too. Then he was constable for a while. Ran for sheriff in his third year and has been put back every term since."



"Damn' poor sheriff he's been, too. This is the third killing in this country in his term of office with never a clue. But every kid who steals a gallon of gasoline or robs a henroost for a cook-up down on the river is made an example of. What's the matter with Maulin, anyway, that we've let him get by with it so long?"

"Ask Black Mac," said young Smith, "and everyone who's afraid of him."

"NOT everyone's afraid of Black Mac, son," said Mr. Stead. "There's a bunch of people right out there under his nose who've got his number. I mean the Gleasons of Sweet Waters. There's a reckoning coming, if I'm any judge, and it's coming through them. He's harassed them for five long years and they're about ready."

"Well, when the time comes for that reckoning," said Smith, "if they need any help they can call on me. I knew Jed Barstow and he was a fine man. The whole world knows Black Mac got Jed because Jed knew something about him. I knew he had something on MacDonald, though what it was he never told me. Said the time wasn't ripe.

"It got ripe pretty sudden for Jed. And what was done about it? Nothing. Hushed up. Even Pogan cut it out of the paper to the extent of only the barest necessary statements and your verdict, Mr. Stead—'met death at hands of person or persons unknown.'"

"I know," said the coroner. "A man in my position must give out only the stark facts as he knows them in such a case. What he *thinks* it is not his business to say."

"Of course we know that."

"But there isn't anything," said Mr. Stead mildly, "to prevent a coroner from trying to bring into the light of fact the things he suspects. I have not been idle, in many ways. I hope, gentlemen, that when that reckoning comes I may do my bit also."

"I bet you will, Mr. Stead," said Smith, "and we all respect you for your stand. But what can *we* do? I'm r'aring to go myself."

"If you'll all be quiet for a little while," said Stead, "I may have something of interest to tell you, say in a few weeks from now. There may be strangers in our town."

"Yes? You interest us, I'll say! And we'll be quiet."

"And, Mr. Towner, do tell your wife that Sheriff Henter's little deal's a dead secret—if she hasn't already told it. See you later, boys. Of course," he added as an afterthought, "anybody really interested can find it in the county records—though Pogan didn't mention it in his sheet. Well—th' time's not ripe for anything yet."

. . . .

THIS group of Maulin men might have thought differently could they have listened to a conversation between Henter and MacDonald on the latter's next visit to the town.

This was held in the sheriff's office, and even his satellite the deputy had been sent away on a trumped-up errand. The two men sat close and talked in low tones, and Henter's fingers were nervous, picking at the ragged blotter, pulling his long mustache.

"Eh—yes—yes," he said from time to time. "I see. I see."

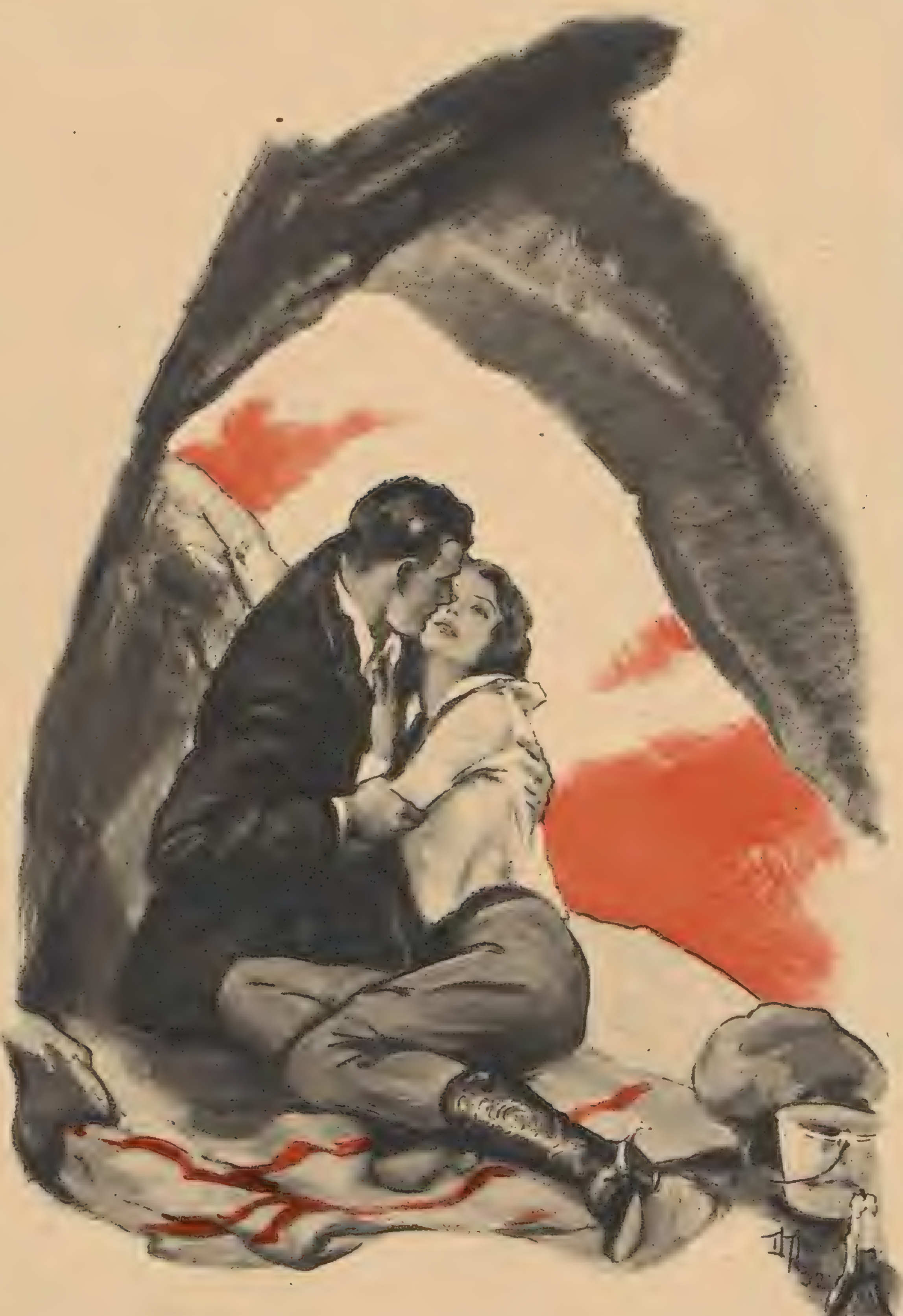
"Let's hope you see plain," said Black Mac, grinning and watching him. "It won't be any time for half measures. There's goin' to be hellabaloo afterwards an' a lot of questions asked, an' you're goin' to stand so pat you'll fall over backwards."

"Sure. Sure, Mac. I won't know a thing about anything. In fact, I'll be out of town."

"You're damn' right you'll be out of town," said MacDonald, laughing aloud amusedly—"an' you'll be surprised where. Well, that's that. You keep yourself on tap an' take good pains to stop as much of this talk that's goin' around as possible. I don't like it."

"That's a big order, Mac," said Henter. "The more I do that way th' more they buzz."

"Might be something to that, too," said MacDonald, considering. "Well, let 'em buzz, damn 'em! A lot of good it'll do them."



"Jane, Jane!" he whispered brokenly. "My heart's darling—my everlasting love."

"I don't like sleeping dogs stirred up," said Henter uneasily. "They're best left be."

Black MacDonald rose and stretched his great frame, fixed his wide hat meticulously on his head at a rakish angle. "Well, so long," he said, and swung away to swagger down the street of Maulin.

But Coroner Stead watched him go with steady eyes, and young Pete Smith walked half a block behind him, and Towner and Carston exchanged a look as he passed them by the restaurant.

And Black Mac knew all this. The knowledge made him grin to himself, so cocksure was he.

"Hicks!" he said. "Rubes! Come-ons!" And spat contemptuously, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

He owned his world, or just about, in his own estimation.

Black Mac had made a plan which he meant to rid him of a great many things that he didn't want, and he was avid for its consummation.

"Been too slow already," he told himself, looking about the little town street. "Too damn' slow. Could 'a' struck last year just as well."

IV

THERE was a feeling of strong constraint between Jane and Bob Salters. To save her life, the girl could not rid herself of the certainty that Bob knew more of her goings and comings than just the fact that she went and came. Was it possible that he could have followed her? That he knew she went to Old Coyote's Cave?

No, she told herself. Bob was not that kind. He would never do an underhand thing. And yet, Belle had said he would do much for Boss John to save him sorrow; that none could tell what he would do to her, Jane, for his sake. So she watched him with wary eyes and strove hard to act as she had always acted, yet to avoid the show-down she felt sure was coming.

It came, too, on a night when the moon was bright above the valley.

She had been feeding the bunch of kittens at the stone barn, and coming out of Big Lot's gate she stood a while with the empty milk pan in her hand, looking down the distant stretch of dark alfalfa field, of darker trees along the winding stream.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-seven

She heard his step on the path behind her, and turned to face him.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, honey," said Bob, and leaned his long length against the corral fence beside her.

"Where you been today?" she asked to make conversation. "Did you go to town? I saw you take the car this morning."

"Yes," said Bob. "I wanted to go to Maulin and Boss John let me take it. Got back this afternoon."

"Boss John send you?"

"No. Went on my own. Own business."

"H'm," said Jane, smiling. "Business man! Thought you were working for the Sweet Waters outfit?"

"Maybe I am—and was," he answered.

He looked at her sidewise and Jane felt a premonition of trouble.

"Jane," he said quietly, "why do you slip out at nights and ride the Hawk?"

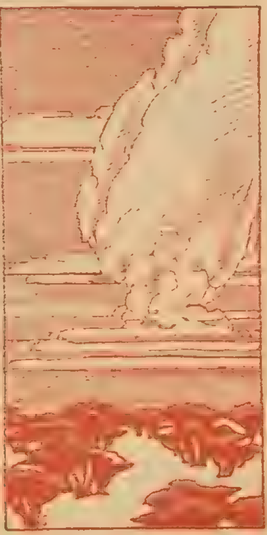
Like a shot the girl whirled on him, her face suddenly red with anger. "Who says I do?" she cried.

"I say so. I know it."

"How? Like a sneak, a hider in shadows!"

Bob winced under that.

"Maybe," he said evenly. "But not for my own sake. I belong to Sweet Waters Ranch and its interests, to Boss John. Do you think the old man would survive the knowledge that his only daughter is riding the sage at night to meet some one of MacDonald's crew of cutthroats? I'd be called a sneak, and worse, to save him that!"



"WHY, Bob, you—you— How dare you say that—to me?"

Jane's face had gone from red to white.

"I dare do anything. I'm doing a good deal now when I ask you to reconsider your actions. Not for my sake, though it's meant a lot to me, Jane. You should know what it's meant—to lose you."

"You never had me!" cried the girl hotly.

"No—I know it now," he said gently. "But I thought, once, that I would—some day. I'd give"—his voice caught huskily in his throat—"give half my life to have you for mine the other half. But what I feel at this loss is pale beside what Boss John will feel when he finds you've double-crossed him."

"I haven't double-crossed him!" cried Jane furiously, her hands beginning to shake. "And don't you dare say so!"

"You'll have a hard time making him—or anyone—believe that when your trips become known to more than me."

"I don't care what he—what he—" She stopped. Tears smarted in her eyes and she bit her lip.

"I don't care what anyone *but* him thinks," she finished wildly. "I'm doing no wrong, and I don't need to report to anyone. As for Black Mac and his gang, I never spoke to one of them in all my life! Only that poor woman. And I'd do that again, *anyone* notwithstanding!"

"No? Not Black Mac's people? Then why the secrecy? Why all this riding in the small hours? And why did you ride south *and up MacDonald's trail* the other day?"

"My heaven!" whispered Jane, trapped and astounded. "How did you know that?"

"Easy. I've been suspecting you, Jane, for some time, so I sent to a mail-order house for a good pair of field glasses. I've carried them ever since."

The furious rage seemed to congeal around her heart, and Jane Gleason wet her dry lips.

"If I ever thought I liked you," she said thinly, "if I was ever your friend, if I ever admired you for any single thing, I hate myself for doing and being so. You talk of double-crossing! I couldn't double-cross a dog like that! I hope you'll never speak to me again. And if you try to bring my secret—yes, I have a secret!—out in the open, I'll—I'll never forgive you till my dying day!"

She turned from him with a rush.

Bob leaped and caught her arm. He whirled her toward him. "Don't fear!" he rasped through white lips. "I'll never bring it out to break an old man's heart, to disgrace him, to add the last insult to his troubles. No! But I'll take you in hand, my girl, and see that you don't do it, either! Now sleep on that—for you don't ride tonight unless I go along! And as for forgiving me—well, that's a little matter compared to Boss John's honor."

He loosed her and, turning abruptly, strode down along the fence. Jane, her head whirling, went up the dim path to the house.

"My heaven!" she kept whispering over and over. "Oh, my heaven! What shall I do! What shall I do?"

At the shadowed door she met Pomo Belle, and stumbling toward her she sank in upon that ample breast and began to cry, silently and desperately.

"Sh-h-h," soothed the Indian woman softly. "The hunter walks in woods. Always a hunter. Damn' always."

"Yes," sobbed Jane, "always! Bob—he's after my Sam Four Sleeps. He says he'll ride whenever I do. And he will! Oh, what shall I do?"

Belle patted the quivering shoulder, considering silently. Presently she stirred, raised Jane's face and wiped it with a corner of her apron.

"Many things do," she said comfortably, after a silence. "Mebbe ask Boss John send him long ride up High Meadow; mebbe make him sick."

"Sick! Belle, what do you mean?"

"Not much sick. Jus' little, so no ride. You no cry. Go sleep now. You ride tomorra, mebbe—mebbe tomorra night."

So Jane, trembling and unhappy, sought her own room, to lie miserably on her bed. If Bob Salters ever found what was in Old Coyote's Cave, nothing, she felt sure, could save her Sam Four Sleeps—neither her prayers nor the piteous plight of the man himself. Bob, stern upholder of the law that he was, would turn him over to the sheriff in Maulin without a qualm.

Great heaven above!

Jane leaped to her feet, her head dizzy with the terrible thought that had just struck her. Maulin! That's where he had gone today—Bob—in the old flivver! And he had seen her go up MacDonald's trail! Had he, by any chance, watched the northern edge of the Rim rock, where she would have been visible again after passing the shoulder of Signal Rock? Had he put the law upon the trail of him whom she had risked so much to save?

She began to walk back and forth between her bed and the dresser like a caged animal, the tears burned from her eyes by this new terror.

SO she walked and sweated, there in the soft darkness, with the moonlight falling in silver floods outside her window, and Bob Salters somewhere on guard, watching—watching to see that she did not get away.

Toward morning she slept, worn out with the struggle and fret, stretched on her bed in her clothes. It was Belle who awoke her as usual with a touch on her shoulder.

"What's the matter with you, sis?" Barb asked wonderingly at breakfast. "You look like the last rose of sum-mair left bloo-hooming alone."

"She needs another steak, Janey does," said young Steve, grinning. "Boy, boy! How that girl can eat sometimes!"

"Not *all* times, like you," she came back at him. "I'd weigh a ton if I did."

"Whyn't you try workin' for a change? That'd keep your girlish figure."

"Don't notice any loss in that direction," said Jane. "I'm pretty proud of my figure."

"Didn't mention any loss myself. Don't hate herself, does she, fellers, our Janey?"

"Why should she?" cut in Sammy. "She's the prettiest girl in Oregon."

"Or in the world," said Barb loyally, "bloom or no bloom."

"Stop teasing your sister," said Boss John. "They don't make them any better ones, or daughters either. Your old dad's for you, honey."

And he smiled across at her with proud tenderness.

To save her life, Jane could not help the slow and heavy tide of crimson which she felt flowing to her face, her temples. They were so good, so loyal, so loving, these men of hers! They were bound by such close ties of trust in each other and in her.

Her strained eyes dropped to her plate, the contents of which she could not touch because of the lump that swelled and swelled in her throat.

WHEN she looked up presently she met square upon her the steady blue gaze of Bob Salters, and it was as desolate as she felt, full of such sorrow and distress that it gave her a new sense of shock—and the terrible lump completely choked her, so that she rose apologetically and hurried from the room. She heard her father chide his sons again for badgering her.

That day was a long one for Jane. Boss John had suggested that Bob and Barb go take a look at the cattle around Little One Spring; but Bob had amazingly told the boss he didn't feel any too well, and would he let him off from going?

"You sick?" the boss wanted to know anxiously.

"Not just exactly," said the big blond rider. "Only I don't feel right."

"Stummick?"

"Don't know," lied Bob placidly. "It's somewhere in my middle, anyway."

"Well, you take care of yourself, son. Don't want anyone down sick. Got enough to worry about as it is. Got a hunch that something's coming off."

"Something is coming off all right," said Bob profoundly, "and *I've* got a hunch we'll all be in at the killing."

"Time we were," said John Gleason shortly. "There's been too much killing in this man's country with no one in on it except the killers."

He went morosely to the stable and, saddling the great barren mare Starwind, rode away toward the south.

Jane fretted and stormed indoors. With all the rest gone out, it would have been so easy for her to go, too, unnoticed. But Bob Salters was oiling saddles, the sun shining on his bronze-colored head as he whistled at his work. There was a deal too much nonchalance about him for a sick man.

So the day wore on, and she ached in every fiber for the lone figure in Old Coyote's Cave. Was his water all gone? Had the food lasted? It had been three full days since she had climbed the trail the last time and left him with her tears wet on his face.

Boss John and the boys came home, and Gabriel called them resonantly to supper, and no one but herself and Bob—and Pomo Belle—knew of the little game being so tensely played out between them.

But Pomo Belle remembered her promise.

Therefore Bob Salters got a special cup of coffee beside his plate—and an hour after the meal was done he had no need to lie to the boss about a sickness in his middle! Most of the night he rolled miserably on his bed in the bunkhouse.

Belle tended him calmly, promising relief "after while"; for if Pomo Belle had herbs to cause a "little sickness" she also had those to cure it.

IT was three o'clock before Bob fell into a deep sleep and she was free to pad silently from the bunkhouse to her dark kitchen.

The moon had gone, and the Indian woman stopped midway of the worn path to look up at the myriad stars shining so steadily down on the world. Her calm brown face adored the heavens simply. Her faith was old as her people, unshaken by any breath of modernity, without fear and immutable.

Then she went softly up on the back veranda, opened the screen door, and stepped in carefully. All that Belle did was done so, with a sort of feeling touch, unblundering. Now, before she took a second step, she stopped, holding her breath, for she had heard a sound in the room.

It was a slow sound—something that chilled the blood.

In next week's installment you'll learn the meaning of the mysterious sound that frightened Pomo Belle.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

These Young Moderns!

At the end of a nerve-racking day with my four-year-old daughter Peggy, I made the threat so often used with children: "If you don't do so and so, I'm going so far away I'll never get back!"

After a moment's silence Peggy replied: "How could you? 'Cause if you could never get back you could never get there!"—Mrs. A. S. Brown, 4218 Lafayette St., Dallas, Tex.

Deceitful Walter

Walter, being large for his nine years, made seven-year-old Harry believe he was eleven.

At breakfast one morning Harry's mother said, "Son, you are mistaken about Walter's age; his mother told me he was nine on his last birthday."

Said Harry: "Oh, that's what he tells his mother—*and she believes him!*"—Hugh Dougall, 34 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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DIANA'S DIARY

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

MONDAY: Did I say Monday was blue Monday? I'll take it all back, Diary. I went to work this morning with a stocking on inside out. Hot puppy!—that's like having a load of horse shoes drop in your lap. Talk about luck! Maybe I'm goin' to get a buzz from my Dream Man, or perhaps Mr. Fishbaum, he said he'd call me this week. Honestly, I've been so het up thinking about that millionaire taking a "paternal interest" in me that I'm full of heart murmurs.

TUESDAY: Marion and I had quite a hot argument about Fate last night. She was as sore as a boiled owl. She said Fate may be O. K. but she couldn't see why Fate should give me all the breaks, as she put it. She's just steamed because I drew a wealthy papa.

Mr. Donovan just called Diary. He said, "Listen Diana, what the heck did you do to that old guy Fishbaum? No foolin', you got him dopey. He just called and wanted your phone number and everything."

Oh, Diary, I wonder what's going to happen? I can't imagine what he wants to do. Oh, gee! I've got to see a fortune teller and find out what it's all about.

WEDNESDAY: Darn it! the fortune teller was out. The maid said she was out having her own fortune told, so now I'll have to wait until tonight.

The boss's wife blew in the beauty end of the layout today to get her wig waved. What a sweet little lass she is. She looks like one of the Four Horsemen without the nag. Before she left, her differential got caught in the arms of the barber chair and was she red headed? It took two of the girls and the jig porter to tear her out of the seat.

THURSDAY: Oh! Diary, who do you think phoned? Guess. I dare you! The big Cloak and Suit papa himself. Honest, he was awful nice. He said, "Is this you, Miss McCoy? I've been thinking about you all week. I wonder if you'd like to dine with me Saturday evening?" Can you imagine it? Me, a manicurist putting on the flash and chowing with a millionaire? Well, why shouldn't I? Believe it or not, I'm as good as a lot of those silk lined, snooty society frails who think they're the Queen's pup when it comes to dog. I'll show 'em all up, you see if I don't. I'm out for a big rep and by heck, I'll get it and be on the level too.

When I cracked to Marion about the big invite, she nearly took off. She was so thrilled she gave me a knock down to a Mrs. Worthington Wardsworth Wise who lives across the hall in 10-G. Sister! I'll bet she was a heart smasher during the gay and giddy Nineties, and you can bet all the laundrymen in China, she's traveled plenty.

Oh! and does she handle the King's English! She says "caunt" and "toe-marto" and sports a soup strainer in her eye like nobody's business.

Anyway, this lady told my fortune. As she cut the cards, what do you think came up Diary? The Jack of Hearts and the King of Diamonds! "You're surrounded by two men," she said, "who are strong enough to change your whole life. This heart man is young and of fine social standing. It looks to me like he's going to fall in love with you. Yes, I see a romance. You're going to meet him on water. See here—here is a voyage—a long voyage—some sort of a business voyage. Yes, I see money too—it's all around you. I also see a letter—a message—you're going to hear from a friend. It looks like an offer of business. I also see a dark woman—I advise you to watch her."

Then she told me to make a wish Diary. I wished about my Dream Man—of course you can't guess what I wished, could you? She said I'll get my wish, but—not for a while. "This King of Diamonds," she continued, "looks to me like an oldish man—a man of great wealth and wisdom. He seems to hold a keen interest in your future welfare. I see some sort of a career surrounding you—something meaning Fame. Whoever this man is, I advise you to follow him around. As for the younger man, he won't come into your life until later."

Diary, this woman sure knows her pasteboards when it comes to clocking fortunes. After she had read my cards, I told her the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me Harvard about myself and the boy I dream of. Honest, she was tickled silly to think she clicked. Yes, and when I cracked about the Cloak and Suit man, she almost swooned.

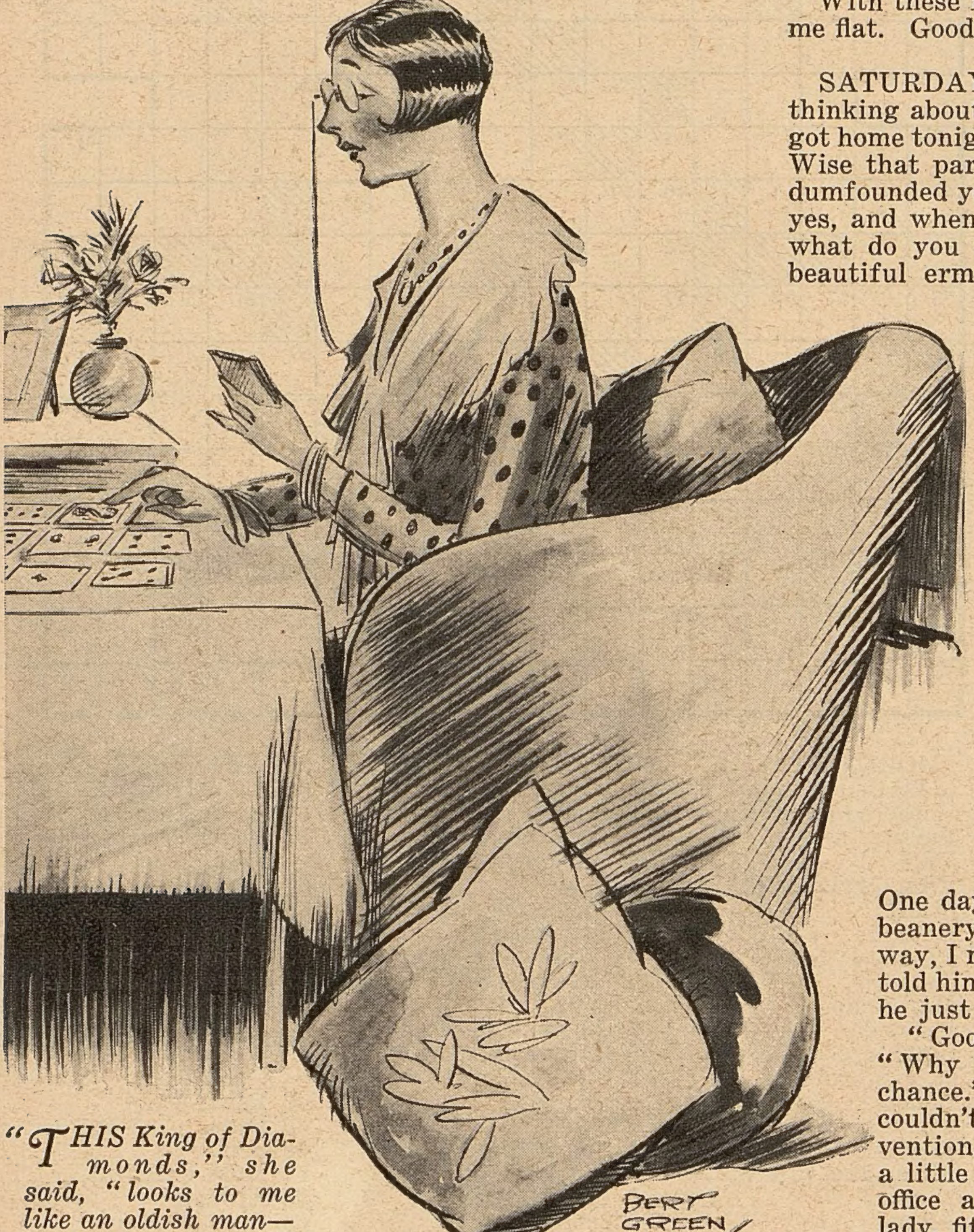
Oh! Diary, what's goin' to happen? I'm all panicky. Good grief! it's two bells. Pleasant dreams.

FRIDAY: Well, this has been a day of hectic surprises, and how! When I got off the subway and started

She's Either in for a Career or in a Jam

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN



"THIS King of Diamonds," she said, "looks to me like an oldish man—a man of great wealth and wisdom."

to walk to the barber shop, somebody yelled, "Duck for your life!" I looked around quick and there if you please, were a couple of gat-up men playing the rhapsody on a beer pal parked in a vestibule. Honestly, they laid him like a rug. As soon as the target practice was over, the two gentlemen with the rods stepped on the gas and did a Ralph de Palma. As for me, I did an Olympic to the barber shop in nothing flat—I was that nervous.

As soon as I got into the shop, one of the barbers told me to call Teddy Brown at the Tab office—he said it was very important. When I called, Teddy said, "You're takin' lunch with me, d' understand? I got a big proposition that will knock you for a loop—no foolin', it's a pip."

All morning long I could hardly put the clip and file on the customers, thinking about Teddy Brown's big proposition. For some reason or other, the fortune teller's words kept running through my scull something terrible—"a message" . . . "a letter" . . . "you're going to hear from a friend" . . . "maybe an offer of business!" Good Heaven's above! am I going to change my job or what?

Well, Diary, it all came out when Teddy and I broke buns at Mike Burns' whisper joint. "Look here Diana," Teddy went off, "my editor is goin' to throw a Beauty Contest for the best lookin' dame in New York—get me?—an' I've got you pegged to win. Yeah, an' not only that but 1,000 slugs go with it—and maybe a break in the movies. Say, with that angel pan of yours, you could make a ticket scalper turn square. All you have to do is kiss yourself into some swell rags, be yourself, an' the prize is in the bag. You leave it to me!"

With these few remarks, he hoisted his drink and left me flat. Good grief! Diary, what's coming next?

SATURDAY: Well, I hardly slept a wink last night thinking about everything that's popping. As soon as I got home tonight I went right down to 10-G and told Mrs. Wise that part of her fortune came true. She was so dumfounded you could've knocked her over with a truck, yes, and when I cracked about the heavy date tonight, what do you think she did Diary? She loaned me a beautiful ermine evening wrap. Imagine! Oh she's aces. Well, I've got to run along now an' get dressed.

SUNDAY: Well, I've had some keen times during my youthful life but never an evening like last night. Honestly, Mr. Fishbaum is a perfect peach. We no more than arrived at the restaurant than we were showered with attention. It was "Mr. Fishbaum this" and "Mr. Fishbaum that." They couldn't have treated us better if we swam the Atlantic.

All during the meal I was mortified to death—I didn't know what tools to use. There were big forks and little forks, gold spoons and what not, and some of the trickiest knives I ever saw. All I did was stall around and do whatever Mr. Fishbaum did. If he grabbed the little knife, I did the same thing. Whatever he used, I used.

Life sure is full of surprises Diary. One day I'm down in the dumps struggling in a beanery and the next I'm wrapped in ermine. Anyway, I made a big hit with Mr. Fishbaum. When I told him I was going to shine in a Beauty Contest, he just about passed out.

"Good gracious! that's marvelous," he said. "Why the other girls won't have a ghost of a chance." So I said, "Listen, with my clothes I couldn't make first base at a scrubwoman's convention." So he said, "Oh, don't you worry about a little thing like that! You just drop into my office and I'll have Miss Katzwinkle, the head lady, fit you out to perfection!" But I told him I couldn't think of it! I said my mother would shoot me if I accepted gifts like that from men. So he said, "Oh, tell your mother you bought them. Tell her anything you like," and with that he pulled out his card and wrote a note on the back of it.

When he handed me the works, he said, "You come in Monday or Tuesday and bring your mother along. There's no strings on this transaction Miss McCoy. It's strictly a business proposition. I want you to win this contest and I'm only too glad to help you."

Listen Diary, am I going coo-coo or not? Here I'm all slated to win a Beauty Contest and I'll be darned if I know what to do. Gosh, I can't go on making him think I'm in the Follies when I'm not. I could crown Marion and Mr. Donovan for pulling that fib. Then again, he thinks I have a mother. How can an orphan have a mother? For crimp sake, I sure am boxed in something terrible. Honestly, I'm sunk! Good night!!!

Further adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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Mrs. Helen Greene

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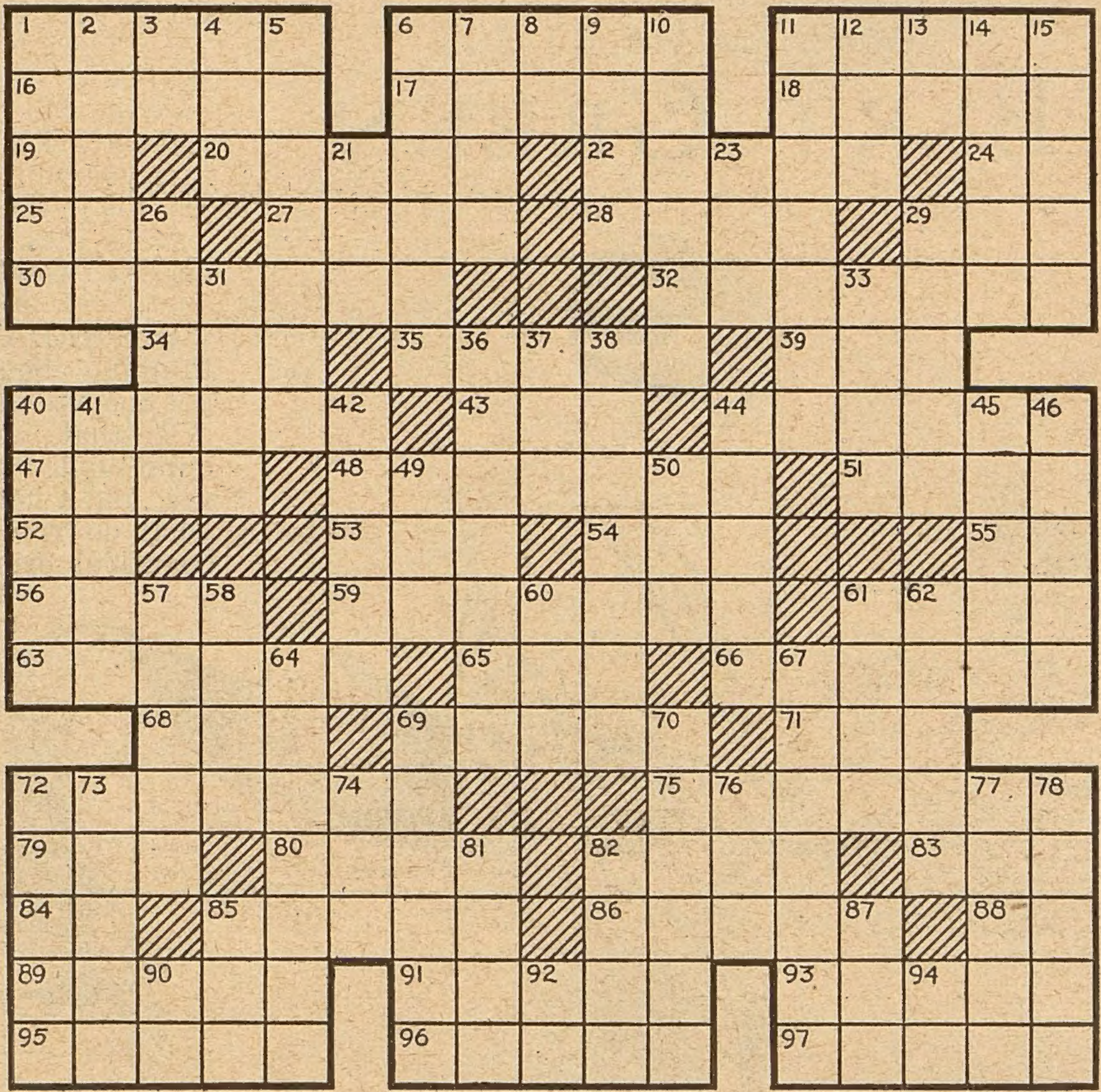
Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 8



HORIZONTAL

1 Collection of maps
6 Withered old woman
11 Pursue
16 Erse
17 First Jewish high priest
18 Endures
19 Japanese measure of distance
20 Man's name
22 Appended
24 Suffix used to form some plurals
25 Being, in the most abstract sense
27 Regrets
28 Sister and wife of Zeus
29 Billow
30 Arrests
32 Despotic exercise of power
34 Sprite
35 Dash to pieces
39 Period
40 Nape of the neck
43 Maturity
44 Worn tracks
47 Pronoun
48 Sings
51 Blemish
52 Egyptian deity
53 Coin of Brazil
54 In Turkey, a commander
55 Thus
56 Assistant
59 Legislator
61 Vomit
63 Plant used for making hedges
65 Prior
66 Steps
68 The matter or thing
69 Discontinue
71 Entire
72 Act of snoring
75 Marks with spots
79 Ever
80 Bustle (plural)
82 Expectorate
83 Compass point
84 Note of the diatonic scale
85 Go stealthily
86 Cultivates, as soil
88 The symbol for an element
89 Come forth
91 Spark control of a motor
93 Bore young
95 Intends
96 Condition
97 Tale

VERTICAL

1 Ventilated
2 Threefold
3 Chinese measure
4 A tree
5 County officer
6 Fondle
7 Beams
8 Either
9 Biblical name (Genesis)
10 Ceaseth
11 Brighter
12 Possessed
13 While
14 Vessel of clay or stone
15 Attempt
21 Religious recluse
23 Parched
26 Cubic meter
29 A mollusk
31 An astringent
33 An Asiatic
36 Daytime entertainment
37 Past
38 Legislative body (plural)
40 Leather strip
41 Piece of furniture
42 The beginning
44 Autocrats
45 Unsuccessful contestant
46 Packs away
49 Born
50 Self
57 More dreadful
58 Always
60 Constellation
61 Brine
62 Small round mass (plural)
64 Aggregation of property (plural)
67 Bears tales
69 Natives of Croatia
70 Imperial domain
72 Former Turkish sultan
73 Annoy
74 Poem
76 Greasy substance
77 Compound ether
78 Shabby
81 Long cut
82 Let it stand (printing)
85 Sol
87 Rested
90 The symbol for an element
92 A parent
94 Not

$500 *Cash Prize* CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Win Some Easy Money

Your Chance to Share in the Awards Is Excellent!

THIS week's puzzle appears on the page at the left. Solve it, send it in as directed in the rules. Your chance is excellent to read your name among the winners when the prizes are announced in the July 30 issue of Liberty! Prizes will be paid as soon as the winners are named in print and there will still be a lot of summer week-ends in which to get rid of your prize check if you win one.

Below are published the winners of the April 23 contest. Space on this page does not permit publication of the letters which accompanied the puzzle solutions submitted by the winners and which were considered in making the awards.

The first three letters are available in mimeograph form and a copy will be sent to any contestant requesting it, or they may be seen at the editorial offices of Liberty.

If you sent in a solution for puzzle No. 1, look through this list for your name.

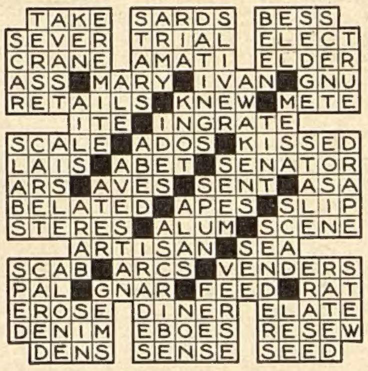
THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, June 13, 1932.

Here are the April 23 Awards



TAKE SARDS BESS
SEVER TRIAL ELECT
CRANE AMATI ELDER
ASS MARY IVAN GNU
RETAILS KNEW METE
ITE INGRATE
SCALE ADOS KISSED
LAIS ABET SENATOR
ARS AVES SENT ASA
BELATED APES SLIP
STERES ALUM SCENE
ARTISAN SEA
SCAB ARCS VENDERS
PAL GNAR FEED RAT
EROSE DINER ELATE
DENIM EBOES RESEW
DENS SENSE SEED

THE SOLUTION

$100 FIRST PRIZE
ADRIENNE M. POWELL
Wausau, Wis.

$50 SECOND PRIZE
J. H. VAN LINDINGHAM
Petersburg, Va.

$25 THIRD PRIZE
M. M. ROTHMANN
Chicago, Ill.

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Ralph Devoto, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Harriet F. Smith, Menomonie, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Welk, Wesleyville, Pa.; Emmet J. Foley, Columbus, Ind.; Olive Heyl Wood, Aspinwall, Pa.; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.; Ellie Jordan, New York, N. Y. Carl A. Boeker, Jr., Providence, R. I.; Maurice H. Bransfield, East Providence, R. I.; Clarence Bennett, Sharon Hill, Pa.; Birdelle G. Radke, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Mary V. Hilgert, Los Angeles, Calif.; Hilda E. Bodwell, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Mona Wilson, Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. E. Queen, Charlotte, N. C.; Pat Donnelly, Calgary, Alta.; Olivia K. Resum, Spokane, Wash.; W. S. Guthrie, Marion, Ohio; Miss A. Scherrer, Arlington, N. Y.; Mrs. M. D. Woodliff, Muskogee, Okla.; Helen E. Passey, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. S. B. Corr, Milwaukee, Wis.; Janet Henry, New York, N. Y.; Ross B. Haddock, Shoshone, Idaho; Georgia Conner, Mullens, W. Va.

Benjamin Dorfman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marie Le Nart, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. S. A. Switzer, Oxford, Ohio; Helen P. Ershler, North Bergen, N. J.; Mrs. Eleanor Pettingill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Wm. E. Trubee, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles R. Robinson, Baltimore, Md.; Marie H. McLean, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. L. Alf, Washington, D. C.; Frances K. Young, Ithaca, N. Y.; S. R. Gill, Bloomington, Ill.; Mildred A. Flower, Marshalltown, Ia.; Mary E. Conner, Orlando, Fla.; Attie H. Sisson, Washington, D. C.; Grady Peerey, Corinth, Miss.; Thomas H. Wiley, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. H. J. Danelz, Minneapolis, Minn.; Jack English, Collegeville, Pa.; Frederick B. Grosse, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. W. Baumgarten, Baltimore, Md.; Clem F. Grosch, Hagerstown, Md.; Matt Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wm. T. Welch, Louisville, Ky.; Beatrice Bauer, Lansing, Mich.; R. W. Allen, Regina, Sask.

Elizabeth G. Lent, Omaha, Neb.; Paul L. Johnson, Benkelman, Neb.; E. Guy Parmley, St. Louis, Mo.; Louis L. Loeffler, Baltimore, Md.; William V. Albaugh, Baltimore, Md.; Richard L. Jones, El Paso, Tex.; Frances Faust, Maywood, Ill.; R. M. George, Vincennes, Ind.; Schuyler C. Hodge, Miami, Fla.; B. I. Hibarger, Normal, Ill.; H. J. Saunders, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Lydia Barth, Wauwatosa, Wis.; R. V. Maneval, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Lela L. Lewellon, Florence, Ala.; Mrs. R. H. Sutton, Detroit, Mich.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

Smoke a fresh cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
Camel Humidor Pack

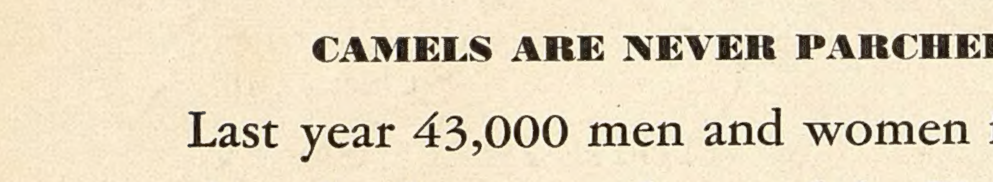
● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time*

FRESH cigarettes are now served in the skies

CAMELS ARE NEVER PARCHED OR TOASTED

Last year 43,000 men and women flew to their destinations in the great planes of the United Air Lines which travel more than a million miles per month. This year to add to the pleasure of air-travel, passengers on this line are served Camel cigarettes. Made fresh and kept fresh, *never parched or toasted,* Camels always provide a fresh, cool, mild, delightful smoke. Switch to Camels, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*



CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

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